THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 313 — NUMBER 4056

APRIL 1, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN'S CAMPAIGN OF ECONOMY

SEVERAL months ago the British Cabinet received much commendation for directing the administrative officers of the Government to make a radical reduction in their estimates. The success of this effort, though mildly meritorious, did not meet the demands of the public or the necessities of the Government. So an extra-Governmental commission of business men was requested to review the Government estimates, and to recommend further reductions. This Economy Committee, of which Mr. Eric Geddes is Chairman, has, after some delay, rendered its first and second interim reports. They have been received with much applause by the Conservatives, and with considerable criticism by the Liberals and the Labor Party. Little public objection is made to the first report, which points the way for radical reductions of the army and navy estimates. The protests against the recommended decreases in the appropriations for education and welfare work, and in favor of abolishing the entire Ministry of Labor, are more vigorous and are likely to receive a wider hearing.

Commenting upon these two reports, which propose to cut down the estimates by seventy-five million pounds, the Tory *Saturday Review* believes that the Committee has justified its existence: 'For the first time in our administrative history it has presented the man in the street with a critical résumé of every branch of the administration of his country, from every standpoint, and in language which he can understand.' The reports stand in the same relation to Government finance as the report of a firm of expert accountants stands 'to the reconstruction of an overcapitalized company.' The findings reflect on both the Government and Parliament. 'Measures for which both these bodies must share responsibility have entailed vast, uncoördinated, and haphazard expansion of the administrative services.' The Committee has asked two questions regarding every department and bureau: 'Is it indispensable? If so, can it be run efficiently with less money?'

The *Times* notes several striking examples of waste in Government service. It requires upon an average four men to operate and keep in condition one vehicle in the army transport service; there is, upon an average, one cleaner to each vehicle, while the large London omnibus companies, with a much heavier service, employ one man to clean five vehicles.

Copyright 1922, by the Living Age Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Both the *Saturday Review* and the *Times* comment upon the extravagance of the Government housing scheme. The average cost of the one hundred and seventy-six thousand houses already erected or to be constructed under the present programme, is put at £1100, and the average annual rental of these houses at £16. Consequently, it is estimated that the taxpayers will have to subsidize each house permanently at the rate of £55 per annum.

Two proposals relating to the public schools have encountered much criticism. The first is that the age of entry into school be raised to six years. The *Times* approves this, saying that 'classes for children of three are little more than free play-centres for the relief of mothers.' Another proposal is that the classes assigned each teacher shall be considerably enlarged. It is also recommended that teachers contribute to their own superannuation fund. This last recommendation is approved by many on the ground that it is already the rule in private business firms, where it works no special hardship on employees. The general tenor of the report is to call a halt upon enlarging expenditures for social services, such as education, housing, health, labor, and old age pensions, which have been expanding very rapidly. It is here that the conflict of opinion between Conservatives and Liberals is most apparent.

The moderately conservative *Spectator* heads its principal article upon the committee's findings, 'The Report, the Whole Report, and Nothing but the Report,' and regrets that the Committee does not have the power to put its recommendations into immediate effect. *The Nation and the Athenæum*, on the other hand, says: 'In the story of the Geddes Report political comedy must have nearly touched bottom. Having spent several hundred millions in making the world a more dangerous place than the Peace had left it, an entirely unprincipled Government finds itself confronted with a deepening trade depression and a desperate finance.' Therefore the Cabinet has experienced a deathbed repentance. Efforts were made by interested 'services' to suppress the Report. If followed, it would cut down their appropriations and threaten their jobs. This journal is of the opinion that the Government would do well to economize even more radically than here recommended, at least in certain lines — especially armies and armaments. However, there is an 'absolutely vital distinction between the defensive and the productive services. The social expenditure on education, housing, and public health has indeed increased as much as, or even more, proportionately, than the expenditure on armaments. But it is productive, not merely of knowledge, health, and comfort, but of economic efficiency, national income, and therefore public revenue. To cut down these services, except where definite wastes of administration can be shown, is, therefore, unsound national finance in the most literal sense.'

The *Outlook*, using the popular slang of the moment in the title of its special article on the Report, 'The Axe in Action,' believes that the whole procedure of the Geddes Committee was wrong from the beginning. Broadly speaking, the Report is an admirable document. The real difficulty is that it is a report and no more. The Government has already as many minds over the recommendations as there are departments in the administration. The great evil is the independent control exercised by department chiefs over the funds of their departments, and over drafting the estimates for the appropriations which their departments are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to receive. Furthermore, 'the axe has been too kind to the labor exchanges, — which should be abolished at once, — and not quite kind enough to education.'

*

POST-CONFERENCE COMMENT IN JAPAN

MID-FEBRUARY newspapers from Japan bring contradictory comment upon the results of the Washington Conference, as seen by the pressmen, parties, and politicians of the Island Empire. *Nichi Nichi*, the widely circulated organ of Japanese intellectuals, assures its readers that the limitation of naval armaments 'will contribute incalculably to the diminution of bellicose feeling and the promotion of international good-will.' However, this journal believes that Japan failed in a degree at Washington, and observes: 'Had Japan been prepared to a fairly satisfactory extent, she would not have been called upon to make so many concessions.' The new Four-Power Entente is not an expansion of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. 'What little Japan has gained at the Conference is the establishment of a good understanding between her and the United States. If the peace of the Pacific can be preserved and maintained by these two countries, their friendliness and amity will increase in the future.'

Chugai Shogyo, an anti-militarist organ of the commercial classes, believes the achievements of the Conference 'fairly satisfactory.' 'Fortunately smoothness and peace characterized its proceedings, crowning it with tolerable success.' This journal characterizes the American proposals as 'the embodiment of a spirit of fairness and justice.' However, when the results of the Conference are scrutinized more in detail, omissions appear that are to be regretted. It was unfortunate that no definite agreement was arrived at for the limitation of auxiliary naval craft, and this paper fears that competition in the construction of such vessels may eventually be resumed. The Quadruple Treaty deals with a limited number of topics. It would have been better had it been more comprehensive.

Hochi, perhaps the most widely circulated newspaper in Tokyo, and once the personal organ of Marquis Okuma, considers that the Conference was a failure for Japan, but a great success for Great Britain and the United States. It concludes its criticism with the statement: 'Japan has sustained such a loss through the Conference, that it compares with the loss she would have suffered had she been defeated in her desperate war with Russia.'

Yorodzu, a sensational and outspoken paper, independent in politics, calls upon the Government to reject the Four-Power Pact. Among other things, this journal objects to the sixth article of the Quadruple Treaty, by which the Powers pledge themselves to respect China's neutrality in all future wars. It makes the point that if Japan became involved in war she would be helpless without coal, iron, and other raw materials from China, which that country's Government, in pursuance of a policy of strict neutrality, might refuse her.

Yomiuri, the oldest paper in Japan and one of the most widely circulated, especially in homes, believes that Great Britain has gained most from the Conference. She has succeeded in abrogating a burdensome alliance with Japan without giving direct offense to that country; in securing the good-will of China by returning Weihaiwei, which is no longer of value to her; and in relieving her hard-pressed Treasury of serious naval burdens. The United States comes second in point of success, 'since she can sleep in peace with a naval power superior by 40 per cent to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that of Japan, her potential enemy.' She has gained the good-will and gratitude of China by her mediation in the Shantung question. France ranks third as a successful country. She has not gained anything positive and concrete, but her right to have a voice in Pacific questions has been recognized. China ranks next to France in her attainments, through the return of Shantung and other agreements favorable to her interest. 'She has lost nothing and gained a great deal.' The 'most miserable' is Japan. A breathing space in naval competition is a considerable boon to her. But that is all she has secured. The California question is left unsolved; the pressure of foreign capital upon Japan is growing; the clandestine intrigues of foreign missionaries in Korea are multiplying.

However, a non-committal or hostile attitude is by no means universal. The radical and liberal press welcomes the outcome of the Conference. *Osaka Mainichi*, a journal of wide influence in the great southern industrial district, regards the Conference as 'a great success.' The Hague Peace Conferences before the war did not get beyond military technicalities. The Washington meeting 'has successfully disposed of fundamental questions of international politics.' The agreement to limit navies 'is a milestone on the road toward the ideal of mankind.' Things were accomplished at Washington that the Versailles Treaty and the League of Nations had proved powerless to attain. China and Japan should both be grateful for the Shantung settlement. *Tokyo Asahi* also welcomes the solution of the Shantung question as a notable and gratifying achievement. However, this is not a time for premature optimism. China does not trust Japan and will continue to appeal to America and England for support in a multitude of minor — though irritating — disputes sure to arise in carrying out the transfer of Shantung to her Government.

Jiji welcomes the naval agreement, regarding the Conference on a whole as a success. It advocates the immediate recall of Japanese troops from Siberia, on the ground that they are accomplishing no good there and 'are in more than one way being exposed to bad influence.' *Osaka Mainichi* says: 'The whole nation is demanding the recall of our troops from the bleak North as soon as possible.' Japan feels gratified that under the Quadruple Treaty the Aleutian Islands are not to be fortified, considering that this means 'one menace less to the northern part of Japan.'

*

CHINA AND THE SHANTUNG AGREEMENT

ACCORDING to the *Weekly Review of the Far East*, China did not receive the first news of the Shantung agreement with the general approbation expected. Some Chinese regard the proposal to issue Treasury notes to purchase the railway as merely an indirect method of borrowing from Japan. Though the sale of the notes is restricted to Chinese buyers, it would not be difficult for Japan to become the real creditor through dummy purchasers. In other words, the Chinese fear their own politicians. The Japanese have retained private water-front locations and other business property at Tsingtau, which give them special advantages there. This journal, which is not friendly to Japan, observes, however, that the settlement with all its faults 'is more than could reasonably be expected,' and that 'many of the objections . . . are not so much a reflection upon the agreement itself as upon the enervated and devitalized condition of Peking and of China governmentally.'

The procedure under which the railway is to be taken over is in substance as follows: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(1) The Chinese Government to issue Treasury notes with a currency of fifteen years, redeemable after five years, for buying back the Shantung railway;

(2) A Chinese director-general of the Shantung railway to be appointed immediately;

(3) Under him to be a Japanese traffic manager, with Chinese and Japanese accountants;

(4) After two and a half years an assistant Chinese manager to be appointed to acquaint himself thoroughly with the working of the railway, so that China at the end of five years can take over completely every portion of the railroad and retire, if she wishes, all outstanding Treasury notes.

Since the Government is on the verge of insolvency, it was at first proposed to raise this money by popular subscription. The Prime Minister promised to secure three million dollars, the President of the Republic, two million dollars, and one of the leading generals, three million dollars. At a mass meeting held in Peking the total pledges toward this patriotic fund were reported to exceed ten million dollars.

*

THE 'ECONOMIST'S' REVIEW OF 1921

THE *London Economist* publishes as a supplement to its issue of February 18 a 'Commercial History and Review of 1921,' from which we quote the following paragraphs: —

For Great Britain, 1921 has been one of the worst years of depression since the Industrial Revolution. The rapid fall in prices, the shrinkage and, in very many cases, the complete disappearance of profit, and the unprecedented contraction of production, were accompanied by the unemployment of nearly two millions of the industrial population, and in the last half of the year by a drastic reduction in wages which, in many cases, far outran the fall in the cost of living. Fortunately, the deplorable social effects which might have been expected to follow from so drastic a decline in earning power have, to a large extent, been mitigated, partly by the individual and corporate savings which the working classes had accumulated during the war and the subsequent boom, but still more by the national scheme of unemployment insurance, supplemented by local relief works, and finally outdoor relief from the Poor Law Guardians. . . .

In January and February (1921) there was a very prevalent opinion that the economic situation would improve in the spring, and several public forecasts were made that trade revival would commence by April or May. This reading of the situation had, however, not taken sufficient account of the ephemeral nature of the post-war boom, and of the difficulty there would be in restoring Central and Eastern Europe to their normal position in the world circle of trade. The low level to which production had fallen all over the world, and the lack of coördination between production and consumption, — as evidenced by the accumulation of unsalable raw materials in distant parts of the world, and of unused manufacturing capacity in European and American industrial centres, — were factors masked from general observation by the high level of prices, which made it appear that the turnover of trade was greater than ever during the boom, whereas, in fact, it was quite subnormal. . . .

The year ended on a more hopeful note. For some the only reason for this optimism was the feeling that it was impossible to repeat the record of so disastrous a year. But there were, in fact, more substantial grounds for encouragement. In the first place, the congestion of stocks all over the world had been appreciably relieved, a typical example being the case of Australia, whose trade position now shows a substantial balance of exports. Again, in spite of many disappointments, there have been notable improvements in the political situation. The Washington Conference has removed — for the present, at all events — the overhanging fear of trouble in the Pacific, and has relieved us from the threat of a new competition in Naval Armaments.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Irish settlement has rendered highly improbable the necessity for this country to engage in a further long period of guerilla warfare, while the events of the last four months of 1921 made it clear to the most hardened believer in an enormous indemnity that the question of reparation must be reconsidered in the light of the economic position of other industrial countries. Finally, in the industries of Great Britain the lax methods of the war and of the post-war boom have had to be given up, and managers have devoted themselves, with the assistance of the cost sheet, to increasing productivity. Wages are being reduced, — very irregularly, it is true, — but it is significant that in two of our most important export industries, namely coal and steel, rates of wages are now definitely fixed upon the basis of what the industry can afford to pay, and this is greatly assisting producers in meeting the prices of their foreign competitors. . . .

✽

BELGRADE'S BUILDING BOOM

According to the Belgrade correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, that city and the other larger towns of Yugoslavia are enjoying an unprecedented building boom. Rents are exorbitantly high. In Belgrade a three-room apartment in a new building rents for the equivalent of fifty to sixty dollars American currency a month, and the tenant is obliged to pay his rent five years in advance. The Government encourages building by exempting new dwellings and tenement houses from taxes for from ten to twenty-five years, the period being longest for laborers' cottages and shortest for buildings that are partly used for business or manufacturing purposes. Structures devoted entirely to the latter object apparently do not come under the provisions of the law. Owners are assured full freedom in fixing rents.

Ambitious plans are entertained of making Belgrade, if not the metropolis, at least one of the most beautiful and important cities of southeastern Europe. The city authorities have offered a prize of half a million dinar — or approximately seventy-five thousand dollars — for the best plan for the new city, the design to include twenty government buildings, eighteen public schools, an opera house, a museum, a library, university buildings, hospitals, churches, parks, athletic fields, a zoölogical and botanical garden, and four monumental bridges across the Danube and Save Rivers. The plan must also embrace the projected port improvements. It will take many years to carry out such a scheme as this; but it is none the less a hopeful portent, suggesting that the constructive instinct is reasserting itself after the recent carnival of destruction in that region.

✽

MINOR NOTES

Soon after the Revolution of 1908 in Turkey, the workingmen in the larger towns began to form unions. The promoters of these new organizations were for the most part Bulgarians, Jews, and Armenians. Three years ago a Socialist party was organized under a Turkish leader. This party is said to have 17,000 members in Constantinople, and to include many civil servants, railway and tramway employees, and seamen. It is a member of the so-called Second or Conservative International and not of the Bolshevist Third International. The Turkish trade unions are affiliated with the Amsterdam Federation.

More than one hundred and sixty thousand tons of shipping were tied up at Hongkong last month by a strike of the Chinese crews. Approximately twenty thousand tons were American. Our Shipping Board steamers were reported to be substituting Filipinos for their striking Chinese crews.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A JAPANESE LOOKS AT THE WORLD

BY YUSUKE TSURUMI

[*These pen portraits of distinguished Englishmen, which we print without change of form, are a Japanese-English version of one of the best sellers of the season in Japan. Mr. Tsurumi is the son-in-law of Baron Goto. His book is entitled in Japanese,* Obei Meishi no Insho, *'Impressions of Eminent Persons in Europe and America,' and contains fifty-three sketches, like the fifty-three stages on the Tokaido highway.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, February* 1, 5, 9
(Tokyo American Daily)

Marquis Curzon of Kedleston

Frock coats are going out of fashion in Europe and America nowadays, and I cannot hear the name of Lord Curzon without recalling the large frock coat he always wears. He was promoted from Viscount to Earl for his service in India, and was created Marquis for his merits as Minister of Foreign Affairs. The *Observer* says Lord Curzon walked up the steps of peerage very properly; he is called 'the Marquis,' as Lord Salisbury was when he was alive.

It was some time after the ratification of peace when we met Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office in London. As I came into his room to interpret for Baron Goto, Lord Curzon, instantly standing up and shaking hands with the Baron, said, 'Is this Mr. Tsurumi, your son-in-law?' turning toward me and offering his hand. 'How sharp this old gentleman is,' I thought to myself, 'to be prepared like this even for an interpreter!'

'When do you expect to be Premier yourself, Baron?' was asked by him soon after greeting. What a prompt and surprising question! But that became him very well, as a son of a rich noble.

'I have been in the Cabinet for three years, and have been troubled and worried much. I agree with you in saying that a man cannot be a Premier unless he is much interested in politics. Nothing is more troublesome than state affairs.' He spoke again. His stout figure dressed in an old-fashioned frock coat, and his dogged and square face with side whiskers, made him look the veritable son of English aristocrats. Yet now he handles state affairs on the same level with Lloyd George. It is a great pity that we had not the opportunity to compare this statesman peer with Mr. Balfour, who is so highly spoken of for his refined behavior.

Lord Robert Cecil

Who will be Lloyd George's successor? The question puzzles the British people. They don't wish to give power to the Laborites, and they look in vain for a leader among the Conservatives. Who will handle state affairs when Lloyd George falls? The names of Asquith and Viscount Grey were often mentioned recently, but there has been one more candidate — Lord Robert Cecil. The *London Daily News* once declared that he was the only dangerous opponent to Lloyd George of all the politicians in England. His influence in the House is such that both his friends and enemies listen to him. At present he is a planet of the anti-Government party, but who can predict that the time may

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not come when he shall have the trust of all English people on his shoulders? At the Albert Hall, about a week before the ratification of Peace, and several months before the establishment of the League of Nations, the British Association of the League of Nations held a great demonstration. The most attractive speech made at that occasion was that of Lord Robert Cecil. With his body a little bent forward, and his bald head, and plain morning dress, he began to speak very quietly. It was rather a lecture than a speech. His clear voice pierced every corner of the hall, but I could not but feel a disappointment that his speech was lacking the vigor and brilliance that I expected to find in a future Premier. But when a flag with the words, 'Give independence to Ireland,' was purposely waved by someone to disturb him, the sleeping lion in his heart awoke. 'By whom was Ireland represented?' was shouted. He replied with his voice raised, 'Ireland has been represented most powerfully by General Smuts of South Africa and myself.' Great applause followed. I then felt the power of his character for the first time. When he mentioned the names of Wilson and Venizelos, it seemed as if the roof would be raised by the enthusiasm of the audience.

A week later Baron Goto, Mr. Nagai, chargé d'affaires, and I were walking up the steps of Lord Robert Cecil's house. We found him waiting for us in a small room. He wore a morning coat as usual, and the bulky, rather awkward watch guard on his breast attracted my attention. We talked about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the League of Nations. Every question we asked was immediately answered sincerely and frankly. There was no evasiveness and the most favorable impression was created by hearing him speak.

With the fluctuating Lloyd George on one side and the declining Laborites on the other, what does he dream of when he looks forward to the future of his mother country? He may be shocked at the thought of bearing the heaviest burden that a man ever had on his shoulders. When we were leaving, Baron Goto said to me, 'He is like General Nogi, is n't he?' and I thought he was quite right.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Labor M.P., replying to my question, said, 'Well, Lord Robert Cecil is a Conservative and cannot be with us,' but I could not help complaining of the narrow-mindedness of the Laborites. On another occasion he again told me that 'Lord Robert Cecil is too religious to be Premier, as he is apt to disagree with others on religious problems.' Mr. Ratcliffe of the *Manchester Guardian* once said of him: 'Lord Robert Cecil is a true aristocrat in his manners. He cannot mix with Labor men. And he has little human magnetism, so he cannot be leader of mass movements. I think the successor of Lloyd George will perhaps be Winston Churchill. When the Cecil Cabinet is formed, it will perhaps prove that the English politicians have refined their manners.'

G. D. H. Cole

'I have read that there is a danger of social revolution in Japan,' said Mr. Cole, the great star of English new thought. He continued, 'Revolution may be unavoidable for us, owing to the stubbornness and ignorance of the capitalists of England. But I am radically against revolutions and hope every social improvement may be accomplished peacefully. As the French Revolution has shown us, the complete destruction of a social system by revolution requires at least half a century for people to regain their old stage of civilization. Therefore I always hope that the social reformation may be accomplished without revolution.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'When will British Labor be able to form a cabinet?' I asked.

'I am not generally in touch with political affairs. But I think it may be far off; it will take some time for Labor to gain a majority of the House.'

'How does the Labor party treat middle-class and university men?'

'In England it does not matter if one comes from the bourgeoisie or if he is learned. Such things are neither an obstacle nor convenience for engaging in labor movements. One has only to sympathize with the subject. I am not a laborer myself, but never have been rejected by laborers. But some persons want to join us only to become famous; against these men laborers must guard themselves.' I had heard of this before, and there seems to be no laborer who speaks ill of Mr. Cole. All of them know that he works for them sincerely.

'Do you think guild socialism can be applicable to China and India?' I again asked and continued, 'China has four hundred million of people who live on a copper or two a day. Now, supposing that these men all asked the same wages as in England, what a change the world would have! This is a great problem for us Japanese who are neighbors to China, and I hope to have your opinion.'

'I have never studied the matter of China and know nothing about the Chinese. I think guild socialism may not be applicable in the Orient.'

'Then one hundred and eighty million Russians who are Europeans can adopt the system?'

'I don't think they can; they are semi-Oriental.'

'Yes, I see, but then the sixty million German people who are pure Europeans may have the system?'

At this repeated question Mr. Cole, rather irritated, replied strongly, 'Not only Germans but Frenchmen may be unable to adopt guild socialism. I studied it with England in mind always. Generally a social system must be determined by the temper and habits of the particular people concerned. I think Anglo-Saxons the only people who can adopt guild socialism.'

His last words impressed me immensely and I could see that Mr. Cole is not a mere daydreamer. The place of our conversation was a small room about twenty by ten feet on the third floor of the Labor Investigation Committee House, next door to the headquarters of the British Labor Party. In this room Mr. Cole works with nothing more than a roughly made wooden desk and three chairs. Tall, emaciated and pale, about thirty-two years old, — surprisingly young for his fame, — I found nothing of a flatterer. He answers very bluntly and promptly. But none the less he is very kind, speaking always kindly and attentively. I visited this same room three times and admired his sincerity and courage. He was awfully busy and would ask me to get the interview over in five or ten minutes. I saw him to go up and down the steps hurriedly, taking two steps at once and telling his comrades what to do.

Lord Northcliffe

A letter came from Lord Northcliffe's secretary — 'We expect you to dinner on Thursday next.' It was awfully hot in London and most Londoners were at the seaside. I knew English people were particular, so I decided to take a dress coat, though I felt it was too hot to do so. The train stopped at Broadstairs Station, built of dusky brick. Usually English stations gave me rather archaic sensations of homelikeness. In this they are quite different from American depots, where we find everything is made and done scientifically. When I got out the wicket I found a chauffeur, politely inquiring, 'Are you a guest of Lord Northcliffe, sir?'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Yes,' I replied simply. Then he opened the door for me and the car started. By and by he said to me, looking round from his seat, that Lord Northcliffe was at his mother's house and he would call for him on our way. After a ride of about five minutes along a country road among rich men's residences, we halted before a house. A middle-aged gentleman appeared from inside in a white golf suit with a cap.

'Sorry to have kept you waiting.' So saying he stretched out his hand to me. I felt the warm strength of his grip. Lord Northcliffe was more easy and open than I thought. His face was full of freshness and youth.

'Where did you learn English?' He asked one of the commonest questions foreigners ask of a Japanese, and continued, 'Well, you learned in Japan? I thought you must have been at Oxford or somewhere like that.' His manner of speaking was immensely free. The car had been running uphill, and after crossing a spacious field, Lord Northcliffe, pointing to a lane on the left side, remarked: 'Look at that. That is my golf course. I am just thinking to let some Japanese play the game for themselves in the ground. It is very good for your people to be fond of sports. For intimate intercourse with foreigners nothing is better than outdoor sports. There are few Chinese who play sports, while you have many experts among your fellow countrymen.' As he spoke the car reached his gate. There I followed one of the servants and walked up the stairs to a small room where I put on my dress clothes. After washing I came downstairs again and waited for the host. Presently he appeared with another guest and introduced him to me: 'This is Mr. H——, of the *Morning Post*. But I advise you not to read his paper, because it is very poisonous. He was a good man before he joined that paper,' he said amusingly.

'Is that your revenge on me, for being beaten at golf this morning?' said Mr. H——, and laughed heartily, taking his pipe from his mouth. Then, turning toward me, he remarked, 'Don't you think the master of this house is very mischievous?' At this moment dinner was announced and we went into the dining-room together. Mr. H——, Lord Northcliffe and his secretary, and myself sat at the table, but I felt very awkward to find everybody except myself dressed simply. This is one of the most annoying things for a Japanese abroad. When we go in plain clothes, they appear in dress coats, and if we take care to dress plainly, we would find them dressed formally. After some amusing chat over golf games, I remarked, 'The visit of Wilson caused very much enthusiasm in London, I heard.'

'Yes, as much as that of Mary Pickford,' Lord Northcliffe said indifferently.

'What is Mary Pickford?' I asked.

'Why, do you not know her?' He looked at me with round eyes in an amazed manner. 'Yet you stayed in America two years?' Then, turning to the other guests, he said: 'Say, this gentleman was too busy with his studies in America to know the name of Mary Pickford, after two years there.'

'Perhaps you don't like to see movies?' I was asked unanimously.

'Yes, I like them. I usually spent my leisure in seeing them.'

'Yet you do not know the name of Mary Pickford?'

By this time I could dimly recall the name of the most famous star in American films at that time, who had caused an infinite sensation in London.

'Many people are apt to miss the most noted things like this. The Pears Soap that is called the king of soaps was once treated that way. . . .' A very funny story concerning the famous soap

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

followed from the Viscount. After we left the dining-room our interesting chat went on. Now I made it a rule to get autographs from eminent persons whom I met while staying abroad, and this time I wanted to ask Lord Northcliffe for the favor. Taking out a small notebook I said, 'Will you kindly put your signature in this book?'

I did not forget to express my desire (though it was not in my heart) to ask the other gentleman to do the same thing, for I thought it might be impolite to ask the Viscount only.

'No, I will ask this gentleman myself for you later, and this time I will sign my name only,' said Lord Northcliffe, and he went into the next room with the book. Presently he reappeared and handing the copy to me, remarked, 'You have met Mr. Wells, have n't you you?'

'Yes, only the other day,' I replied. I had carefully closed the page on which Mr. Wells had put his signature, for fear the next signatory might happen to dislike. I wondered what would come out of his lips.

'Well, he is wonderful. I fancy there is no writer who has produced greater work than Wells since Shakespeare,' he said.

'The pen-print of a very small lion beneath that of our universal genius: Northcliffe, Sep. 1920' was written in the page just under the signature of Mr. Wells. Reading this I thought I could feel much amiability in the great man. When I asked him the reason why England is so great, he told: 'It is the result of two happy events. That is to say, England has two different races, the Scots and the Irish, which form an admirable harmony. The Scots are characteristically accurate and diligent. You will find in London that many of those who engage in professions requiring strict accuracy, such as banking and insurance and statistical business, are Scots. This forms one half of the successful characteristic of English.'

'And what is the remaining half, the characteristic of the Irish?'

'Audacity,' was his laconic answer, which became very well for a worshiper of Napoleon.

Sydney Webb

'Be very careful in handing these letters of recommendation,' Mrs. Scott remarked. 'When you see Mr. Bernard Shaw, don't praise him. He may think a Japanese could not understand his works. Say to him, "I don't think I can admire your works, but want you to tell me how you can publish such silly things, if you please." Then he would think he had something to deal with and would talk with you. But with Mr. H. G. Wells you must do the very reverse. Speak good things only to him, as though to give him sugar, honey, and saccharine.' Her warning was full of her usual sprightliness and speed. Then her husband said, 'Ah, I think of a most important thing to tell you. Webb and Shaw are the best of friends, but none of them like Wells, so don't let them know that I gave you letters to both parties.'

It was in the end of December and in snowing New York. I got more than a dozen of recommendations and started for London across the Atlantic. I received a response from Mr. Webb, which ran: 'I expect to see you at 2:45 P.M. next Wednesday (January 21) and enclose a letter of introduction which probably slipped into your letter by mistake.' On examining it I found I had sent a letter addressed to Wells. I had made a crude mistake, but there is no use crying over spilt milk. Mild weather prevailed in London in the winter of 1920. On January 21 I stood before the house of Sydney Webb and rang the bell. I was ushered upstairs and had not long to wait. I found Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Webb to be rather short for an Englishman, and not so harsh or forbidding as I had imagined from his picture. After talking about things Japanese I asked him: 'Are you in favor of abolishing all private property under socialism?'

'No, not quite. For instance, there is nothing wrong in possessing a few personal things; and it may not be wrong to leave several thousand pounds to one's children. As for labor wages, we shall do well to retain different grades. What I think absurd is to have such great differences in personal incomes as at present.'

'Then how will diligence be rewarded?'

'That is nothing; we need not always reward people with money. We can give them theatre tickets, for example.' His answers are very simple.

'Can art progress as well under socialism as it does now?'

'It may do so even better. Just think, even now great artists seldom come out of the rich classes. And supposing that rich aristocrats supported artists, the men assisted may feel troubled, as the taste of the rich is generally vulgar. They would never improve, but degenerate.'

'Now Japan has a bad reputation among the thinkers of Europe and America. But I think she has something good. For instance, liberality toward other ways of thinking is better there than that found elsewhere. It is a good thought conveyed by Buddhism. I think we Japanese have a good deal of tolerance. I find Europeans are severe on their enemies; they are very intolerant.'

'Well, it may be so in some degree. But does Japan not suppress the socialists? Tolerance means to acknowledge another's good, not to overlook wickedness. Against the brutality of Germans we could allow nothing tolerant.'

When I met Dr. Beard in New York, he advised me to see, before everything, the members of the Fabian Society, and I had looked forward with delight. It was a profound pity that I could not see Mrs. Webb, whom some want to honor even more than Mr. Webb. It was also a pity that our conversation proved to be a dull one. My visit to Mr. Webb ended thus. Perhaps I need not mention the greatness of his work here, as it is well known. Dr. Beard once said, replying my question, that Mr. Webb and those men of the Fabian Society over which he presides are the greatest English statesmen since Gladstone.

H. G. Wells

With a thrilling heart I went up in the lift to the apartment of Mr. H. G. Wells. I found the great writer had just come in. 'Good morning, come in,' he hailed me. He looked at least ten years younger than his age, with keen blue eyes and light hair. His well-marked eyebrows and unstrained looks gave me a pleasant first impression.

'I thank you for giving me part of your time just before leaving for Russia,' I began. 'Though it may be disagreeable to you, I am a hero worshiper, and one of the greatest attractions of my visit to England was the hope of seeing you personally, as I have long been an ardent reader of your works.'

'Thanks,' he replied. 'I admire Japan from the points of view of both peace and war. Japan did not fight for three hundred years. Finding, however, the necessity of taking arms in self-defense, she rose and showed admirably excellent talent. Just as you came here in European clothes, Japan defended herself with Western armament against China and Russia. If Japan had failed to do so, she would have had the fate of India.'

Cordial words flowed from his lips and the courtesy and simplicity form-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the groundwork of genius seemed to create quietness in the room. I did not forget to present my autograph book.

'I shall be glad if you will write something besides your signature.'

'With pleasure, but it is difficult to get an inspiration at once.' Saying this, he smiled, and moving round wrote, 'All educated men are citizens of one state — the Republic of Mankind, H. G. Wells, Sept. 16, 1920,' in beautiful writing.

'I wonder,' I said, 'how could we retain the aristocracy, which, I believe, is indispensable to make human life noble. In this respect I am with Matthew Arnold and I want to hear your valuable opinions on this.'

'Have you read my *Research Magnificent?*

'No, I have not,' I replied. Then Mr. Wells wrote the title of the book on a slip of paper, and turning again to me said: 'The age of great men is past.' These words impressed me very deeply; I repeated it in my mind. He continued: —

'Generally men have been looking on human greatness with exaggerated respect. Shakespeare was thought to possess one hundred and fifty times as much brain as ordinary men, only because his literary works were so grand. But I think people are mistaken in this. The difference of human ability is not so great. Shakespeare may have had perhaps a 50 per cent better brain than the average. The idea that a great man is necessary to lead and guide the world is a conception found only among uneducated people; it has no significance today. As history shows, the ancient times and the Middle Ages were the times of emperors, great statesmen, and powerful soldiers. But the history of modern times should be one of the people.'

'Then what will control society?'

'The people themselves.'

'But I wonder if they can do that, having no great philosophy, no good religion. Can they really be capable of producing a great civilization? In fact, I have been disappointed to find the mutual enmity of belligerent people so extremely strong in Europe. I think the Orient has gone a step further than Europe in the spirit of tolerance.'

'You are right. But in England not everybody hated the Germans. In Kent where I lived people used to go to give flowers to Germans, and it was found very hard to put down this custom. Now,' he went on speaking with a graver look, 'I believe the present educational system is fundamentally wrong. In the first place history is taught in a mistaken manner. The teaching of history is responsible for the prevailing strong enmity between nations and races. In England the history lesson commences with England, and they teach children that England is the best country in everything in the world, causing the pupils to think others are their inferiors. Thus they become patriotic in a wrong sense, which inevitably works badly and in many instances gives rise to national enmity. I want to change this system and begin with the history of the universe. For instance I would teach the relative position of the earth in space; that of living creatures on the earth; the relation of man with the progress of animals; and so forth. It was long my desire to have someone write a history on this basis. But as none would try it, so I had to do it myself, though I am no historian. While preparing for the book I made many discoveries of false ideas hitherto taught as correct. I want to teach children that each nation has its own merits, while all people are in relation with the whole universe; Englishmen, therefore, ought to serve mankind in the way they know best. By this method I think

31168

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we could make children conscious that they are members of human society, though they belong to different nations. Feelings of exclusiveness might be replaced by nobler thinking. This is the most essential need in the social progress of man. Another point I want in the way of education is the teaching of what you may call 'rules of conduct.' European schools have been very indifferent toward this. The Bible taught it during the past hundred years. But many of the sayings in the Holy Book are not in accordance with modern life. While the Bible advises us not to keep goats and sheep in the same place, Englishmen — especially Londoners of today — have neither of them. There should be some good substitute which would teach conduct to children.'

'But how about the moral enthusiasm with which men sacrificed themselves for the sake of their cause during the war?' I inquired, having some doubts of his explanation.

'Well, I think a different and stronger ideal will take place of the nationality and religion of the past. How was religion taught? They applied the word "love" to it. But "love" implies a feeling of self, — I will love you and you should love me, — and I don't like to use this word. I take the words "sense of service" instead. Every human mind wants to serve others in some way. This is the groundwork of the new civilization. By extension of this feeling they can have a new kind of enthusiasm without depending on old one — Nation and Religion.'

'I have been impressed against my expectations to find social thinkers regarding life very materially. How can they build up a new civilization with only material things?'

'But you must remember that the material that the socialists want is not the material itself, but the opportunity or freedom that it can afford. Now you are in London. How did you manage to come here? By money. It is not money, but the opportunity and freedom that money gives that I value. If I have not the money I could not leave London now. With money I can go round the world. This is what socialists want. Then what do they want this freedom for? The creative instinct that lies in the heart of man. Every man has a keen desire to create something in this world. This is the most acute want to man and leads to the desire for freedom, and again it turns on the want of material things. That is how I see it.'

J. H. Thomas, M.P.

Who will be the Premier in the first Labor Cabinet? I put this question to several persons. Answers varied. But I knew that Mr. Thomas was unanimously acknowledged as an influential candidate. In the early part of October 1920, when there was a cloud of anxiety all over England just before the coal strike, I managed to see Mr. Thomas. Everybody was watching him with expectant eyes.

'What do you want with me?' he asked, in a voice which might have reached an audience of ten thousand men. I found a broad-shouldered, tall, and strongly built man with piercing eyes. Every feature suggested a man of strong will and of the hardest labor in the past.

'I want you to tell me about the labor movement in England.' My utterance set fire to a long speech on political economy which I did not want to hear at all. He began gravely to speak as if I were a public meeting. As I had come to see his personality I did not care for this, and my mind went off in a different direction. An English friend once told me that Thomas has more power than Lloyd George of reading people's mind. And another friend told the following story: Once when he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presided at the Trade Union Congress everyone wondered whether he would touch the question of nationalization of industry or not. My friend could detect his effort to read the people's mind. He approached the point several times, but found the people were not interested; so he finished the speech without saying any more about it. My friend saw his endeavor to measure the minds of the audience and thought it explained his influence. I thought of these things as he spoke to me so warmly. When he came to a pause, however, I took advantage and suddenly interrupted him and said: 'I came here because people say that you will be the first Labor Premier.' Hearing this he smiled, put off his mask of sternness in which he was making a big speech to me, and coming round the table he patted me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear, 'Lloyd George says so, eh?'

'When will the Cabinet fall?'

'It is already on the way to ruin.'

'Which is the question—coal strike?'

'No, Hireland.'

'Hireland?' I asked.

'Yes, Hireland, you see.'

I saw he meant Ireland and I imagined the delightful happenings when a Premier saying 'Hireland' appears in the British cabinet.

'Can you go together with the party of Lord Robert Cecil in a Labor cabinet?'

'No, that is impossible.'

'Will the coal strike really come?'

'No, never.'

'Did you settle?'

'Yes, we pulled strings from behind.'

'I should like to know something about the Railwaymen's Association. Is there any book on the subject?'

'I wrote one. Here is a copy which you may have.'

A pamphlet entitled, 'From Fireman to Privy Councilor,' was placed before me.

'Give me your picture, if you please.'

He handed me a printed photograph, signing his name to it. 'I am very busy to-day. I am going to Prague this evening, being invited by the President.'

'Ah, is that so? I myself have been there and admired the perfect order of that country. Will you kindly tell the President that a Japanese traveler wishes the future prosperity of his people?'

'Certainly I will.' His sinewy hand was stretched out.

'Good-bye.' I went out and reflected the experience of that day, wondering if he was the most unusual of all the Englishmen I had met.

Arthur Henderson, M.P.

I found in a room at the headquarters of the British Labor Party, Mr. Middleton, Under-Secretary. He is a lean and gray elderly gentleman about fifty. I had heard that he had been a worker in a spinning factory in Manchester, but he might have been a schoolmaster. He was a busy worker, and I felt myself as if in an American's room when I talked with him.

'Is it true that the English Laborites despise educated men who want to assist them?'

'I have heard that very often. Now I will tell you the facts, putting theories aside for the present. Who do you think got the highest vote at the Trade Union Congress in Southport last year? Sidney Webb was the highest. He is not a laborer. But his constant and earnest efforts have impressed all the members of the Labor Party.'

'I have heard that there is a strong class feeling among the English Laborites, though they speak of democracy, and newcomers can never raise their heads against the few who are highly placed.'

'Ah, I know whom do you mean. It must be Mr. Thomas, head of the Railwaymen's Association. He receives a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yearly salary of £1500 and an automobile and house, but this is not against the spirit of the labor movement.'

'I hear Ramsay MacDonald is not so highly spoken of as he used to be.'

'Why, yes, I was reading this yesterday,' he replied and took out a book. 'Just read this. This is a novel about the labor movement. There are two men in it, one is very poetical and the other has an ardent zeal for humanity. The former is Keir Hardie and the latter is MacDonald. Thus we don't forget to pay our hearty respect to them as benefactors of the English labor movements.'

'Will the labor movement creep into the middle class — schoolmasters or business clerks in future?'

'Undoubtedly. The most interesting example is the Actors' Association which has been formed recently. Look at this photograph. This is the one taken when I attended the general meeting of our association. The man standing here is an actor who came to join us.'

Three days before my departure from London, I returned to that room and saw Mr. Arthur Henderson. It seemed that he was going to a club, he was coming down the steps when I saw him. I offered him my card and said, 'I want to see you a short while, sir.'

'Well, come this way, please.' With this he led me into the room which Mr. Middleton had left. He was a middle-aged man, slightly worn out after his illness. His smile and handsome look did not quite suggest a statesman who had once been a laborer himself. He spoke and acted very calmly.

'What are the hours of labor on the railway in your country?' he asked me.

'Twenty-four,' I replied plainly.

'I beg pardon,' he ejaculated, bending his body slightly forward as if he doubted his own ears. I wanted almost to laugh, thinking my joke had too much effect.

'Well, twenty-four hours, but they work every other day and have a whole day's rest. Those who are on trains do not this; only the laborers at the stations do. If we say twenty-four hours, it does not mean that they work all the time. However, many are now on the eight-hour system, and I hope it may be general throughout Japan before long.'

'Is the struggle of capitalists and laborers in your country as hard as it is in England?'

'I don't know how it is at present, for I have been long abroad. I think before the war it was not so severe as recently. Strikes are rapidly increasing in number, though we had nothing of the kind before.'

'Then the proletariat of your country have all the rights?' he laughingly said, and I thought his smile had a good deal of significance.

'I am going now, so let's go out together.' Saying this, he stood up.

'Whose residence, do you know, was this house formerly?' again he said, looking upstairs with a curious glance.

'I am sure I don't know.'

'It was the house of Winston Churchill,' he said, 'and the room used as my study was his library. Fate plays funny tricks, does n't it?'

Winston Churchill is the strongest enemy of the Laborites. I grasped his hand and went down the stone steps to return. He was walking toward the Twentieth Century Club. I looked around and wondered what he would have become five years since.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW POPE

BY SENATOR BENEDETTO CIRMENI

From *Neue Freie Presse, February* 12
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Among the many stories that pass about, is one to the effect that when Cardinal Gioacchino Pecci was elected Pope, in 1878, he wished to bless the people in front of St. Peter's from the outer loggia of the church, but was prevented because the passage to the loggia had been walled up. This legend has received credence, because Leo XIII, early in his pontificate, did desire reconciliation with Italy. He was forced to relinquish this aspiration by the irreconcilables in the Holy College, and by France.

This morning, however, a new Pope, Pius XI, has actually blessed the throng in front of St. Peter's from the outer loggia — for the first time since the election of Pope Pius IX in 1846. The incident has made a profound impression upon the Roman people, and, indeed, is an event in history. It signifies a new attitude of the Vatican toward the Quirinal.

When the Italian forces captured Rome, September 20, 1870, and terminated the Pope's temporal power, Pius IX considered himself a prisoner of the usurping government, and directed that Papal functions outside the Vatican cease. True to the prisoner's rôle he thus voluntarily assumed, the Pope never appeared in public, not even at the windows of his palace or within the Church of St. Peter. His successor, Leo XIII, who was obligated to follow the same precedent, relaxed this rule by appearing at important ceremonies in St. Peter's, to which admission was only by ticket. Such tickets were issued exclusively to persons in whom the Vatican had the utmost confidence. Pius X and Benedict XV did not deviate from this practice. Now, on the morning that I pen these lines, Pope Pius XI has appeared at the railing of the central loggia in front of St. Peter's, to bless the applauding populace. Simultaneously a strong detachment of Italian soldiers presented arms, thus rendering the Pope the sovereign honors to which he is entitled by the Act of Guaranty.

Therefore it is no exaggeration to say that this revival of an old custom indicates that the new Pontiff will no longer consider himself a prisoner of the King of Italy. He thus destroys the myth that the Pope is not able to exercise freely the functions of his exalted office as head of the Catholic Church. For the theory of the temporal power of the Pope is no longer asserted by Christ's Vicar. He can paraphrase the words, 'God gives, and God takes away,' to read, 'God gave us temporal power; God has taken it away; God's will be done.' I do not believe that the Pope blessed the multitude from the outer loggia entirely upon his own initiative. We have every reason to suppose that the matter was discussed in the Conclave and decided there.

It is impossible to predict as yet the consequences of this great innovation. Inasmuch as the Holy See is traditionally opposed to sudden and radical changes, we must assume that the present move was made after long and mature reflection. We are not justified

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in concluding from this, however, that a reconciliation between the Holy See and the Kingdom of Italy will occur immediately. Superficial observers are very confident that such a reconciliation will take place at once; but there are many serious obstacles in the way. One thing, however, we can count on. The Vatican takes no steps backward. It will not resume the irreconcilable attitude of Pius IX and Leo XIII.

Benedict XV's method of dealing with the Italian Clerical Party may be modified. The Cardinals and Italian Archbishops were not pleased with Benedict's policy there. That Pontiff strove to make the priests politically independent of the Bishops, and to subordinate them solely to the Secretary of the Italian People's Party.

Pius XI was born at Desio, near Milan, in 1857. His parents were very humble people. His brothers became apprentices in the silk trade, and the only one of them still living is a silk merchant. After completing his preliminary studies at the Arch-Episcopal Seminary in Milan, the future Pope visited Germany, and later made several visits to German Switzerland. Here he sojourned at the cloister where Cardinal Rompella was accustomed to pass his summers, after the veto of the Emperor of Austria had prevented his election to the Papacy. It thus happens that Pius XI has an intimate knowledge of the German language and of German ways and customs. After he had settled at Milan he was elected 'Doctor' of the Ambrosian Library, founded by Cardinal Federigo Borromeo. Later he became Vice-Prefect, and in 1906, Prefect of this institution. At the same time he was a most industrious member of the Lombard Historical Society, of the Royal Commission for Italian History in Turin, and of the Historical and Civic Archive Commission of Milan. In all these capacities he labored in the scientific field shoulder to shoulder with Liberals. Pius X summoned him to Rome in 1912 to become assistant to Father Ehrle, who is in charge of the Vatican Library. Ratti carried on these new duties while retaining his post as a Prefect of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, dividing his time between the two cities.

While working in the Vatican Library, he won the special favor of Pope Benedict XV, who often sought his advice in troublesome questions, especially those relating to the attitude of the Holy See toward the belligerent powers. Ratti took an active part in drafting the famous peace proposals which the Pope published on the first of August, 1917.

When the Polish Government was established the following year, the Pope sent Ratti to Warsaw, where he faced a most difficult situation. It is highly to his credit that he remained bravely at his post as nuncio in Warsaw, when the Bolshevist forces had overrun Poland to within a few kilometres of the city, and after the civil authorities, including the Cabinet, had withdrawn to a place of safety. At the time a plebiscite was held in East Prussia, which Poland was so eager to annex, the Bishop of Posen published an episcopal letter exhorting the Germans to use their rights at the ballot box. The Poles were so angry when the vote resulted in favor of the Germans, that they attacked not only the Bishop, but also the Apostolic nuncio, insisting that he had inspired the former's letter. They claimed the latter was pro-German.

Poland raised such a clamor that Benedict XV finally recalled Ratti. But shortly afterwards, when Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, died, in June 1921, that dignity was conferred upon him. A few weeks later

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was elevated to Cardinal. The world was thus informed that unjust charges had not lessened the kindness and esteem which the Holy Father felt for his former nuncio. In September of that year the new Archbishop, following ancient custom, made his solemn entry into Milan by the Ticino Gate, and passing through an immense concourse of people, proceeded to the Cathedral, where he delivered his first sermon. His theme was 'Rome, the Capital of the Catholic World.' This striking emphasis of Papal Rome, without allusion to Rome as the capital of Italy, was interpreted as a manifestation of hostility to the Kingdom, and was widely discussed in political circles and by the press. We should remember in this connection, however, that the civil authorities of Milan had purposely absented themselves from the Archbishop's reception, and that the Mayor of Milan, a Socialist, had written a courteous letter refusing to accept an invitation to the ceremonies.

Although Pius XI has spent a large share of his life in libraries, and belongs to many historical societies, he has not written any important books. His only works are a few historical monographs printed in the *Lombard Historical Archives*. He devoted much labor to the publication of the *Liber Diurnus*, an authoritative code of procedure for Papal ceremonies. That task was finally completed by his colleagues at the Ambrosian Library. Pius XI is not an eloquent orator or a ready debater, but he is well-versed in the classical tongues and Hebrew, and speaks fluently German, English, and French. He is also an enthusiastic mountain climber, and has ascended Mount Rosa several times in company with his friend, Father Grasselli. On these excursions he used to 'rough it' like an ordinary mountaineer.

FROM BRIAND TO POINCARÉ

BY YANN M. GOBLET

From *Review of Reviews, February–March*
(London Liberal Monthly)

M. Briand's resignation and Poincaré's appointment made a great stir in the French Parliamentary world. Daily papers at home and abroad indulged in a good deal of talk on the subject; but in France at large there was neither disapproval nor enthusiasm, but something of the indifference of a patient whose physician is changed by his family, and who knows that his recovery can only be brought about by a long-lasting régime and the action of nature. French common sense realizes that Poincaré will be successful or unsuccessful much to the same extent as the departing Premier would have been.

The Cabinet crisis is a rather uninspiring tale of successful lobbying in Parliament, and perhaps of disloyalty to the Premier in his own Cabinet.

Millerand's message, sent to the Premier during the Cannes Conference, was very shortly afterwards published by a newspaper. The responsibility for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the leaking out of this secret message is laid at the door of a minister. A press campaign had been extensively organized, describing Briand as a milksop statesman, mesmerized by Mr. Lloyd George, and induced by him to let every demand for the indemnity and guarantees for France drop. Politicians anxious to pick up a portfolio made the most of the so-called 'anti-French' utterances of certain English newspapers, as well as of the usual attacks against the Premier by our own jingo and reactionary press. Then Poincaré signed the note of the Senate Committee implying distrust in Briand's policy at Cannes.

When Briand addressed the Chamber for the last time, he had the full approval of the Cabinet. Had a division taken place in Parliament, a vote of confidence would have been cast by a substantial — though decreasing — majority. But the Premier objected to a discussion which would have kept him two or three days in Paris, and would have hampered his further action at the Conference. His resignation was the act of a man sick of political intrigue, calumny, and betrayals, wholly conscious of being surrounded by men waiting for the most auspicious moment to stab him in the back.

Poincaré's reappearance as the man at the wheel was in no way unexpected. He had prepared the way himself during the last months, writing in reviews and newspapers on international affairs and acting as Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

His former service as President of the Republic was not considered a disqualification for Premiership. As a matter of principle, the return of a former Chief of the State to active politics had never had to be discussed until Loubet's retirement, as the previous Presidents, Grévy, Carnot, and Faure, died before the end of their terms. Loubet and Fallières were personally longing for rest. Then came the war.

In fact, Poincaré is the first French statesman who has sought for another political job after his Presidency, and there is now a marked tendency to consider that Presidency is not necessarily the end of a political career, but simply a part of it.

In Poincaré's case, politicians were indifferent, probably on account of the fact that he was not a popular figure in France. But now that Berthelot has left the Foreign Office, the ex-President is supposed to be the only man with a thorough knowledge of the secret history of international relations during the last few years, and public opinion credits him with having more energy than the last Premier.

'He may be a match for foreign statesmen,' says the man in the street; and since he was never a socialist, the present Parliament — one of the most reactionary French Assemblies of the last forty years — thinks that he will prove himself an obstacle to any concession to revolutionary tendencies.

It is not easy to imagine what the new Premier's policy will be. His numerous writings, since he left the Élysée, are permeated with a nationalist spirit; but nobody looks upon these as the basis of an official political programme. There is even a tendency — probably exaggerated — to suppose that Poincaré's policy will be the same as Briand's and that stiff formulas will be softened by practical use.

The fact that seven of Briand's ministers are in the present Cabinet is not a proof of the continuation of his policy, since in the old Cabinet these gentlemen were often at loggerheads. Poincaré's message to Parliament is the only document on which to base an opinion.

The two cardinal points of that message are finance and diplomacy. Both

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subjects are so intimately connected that De Lasteyrie, the new Minister of Finance, stated not long ago that 'French State finance is, for the time being, a problem of international policy.' Relations with Germany and a Franco-British Entente have a financial and a diplomatic aspect; the first means the payment of the indemnity and the second is the guaranty for a lasting peace. Reparations and security for France are Poincaré's aims, just as they are France's aim; and Lloyd George, in his telegram to Poincaré, fully agrees. But there is still the vexed question of ways and means.

Poincaré is a believer in the Treaty of Versailles and its compulsory enforcement upon Germany, i.e., the sanctions, the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, and the direct control of the finance of the Reich.

The bulk of the nation no longer has faith in the Treaty of Versailles and hates military occupation, because it means heavy taxation and long military service for all. With the exception of a few militarists, nobody in France cares a jot to have a square foot of German territory, but everybody is anxious to cash the indemnity and believes in the control of German budgets, money issues, and exports.

The French Exchequer has already paid sixty billions of francs for *dépenses recouvrables*, i.e., expenses for the devastated area and pensions which are to be refunded by Germany, according to the treaty; we pay three and one half billions every year for the interest on this amount, and during the coming year, it will increase. Should the money not be reimbursed by Germany, there would be no escape from bankruptcy for the French State.

French people are convinced that Germany can pay the bill, and that the poverty of the Government of the Reich is mere camouflage. The conclusion that some cool-headed French Republicans have come to is that the Allies must strengthen the German Democrats, who could then enforce taxes on prosperous industries, and would honestly pay the installments due to France. On the contrary, the jingoes think that Germany would pay the bill if handed to her at the point of a bayonet.

It would be a pity if M. Poincaré's message were taken as an encouragement of these latter views; yet it is praised as such by the same men who wrecked M. Briand's Cabinet.

The bulk of the nation ask the new Premier — as they asked Briand — to be energetic and clever enough to make Germany pay, to secure France against German aggression (for everybody thinks that the spirit of revenge is rife in Germany) without increasing the military and financial burdens of the country.

As close coöperation with the Allies, first of all with Great Britain, is the essential condition of this policy, the paragraphs in Poincaré's message relating to the *Entente Cordiale* have a special interest for the average Frenchman. He does not feel that the League of Nations can protect France for many years to come; he does not know enough geography to understand the political value of the *Petite Entente*, and laughs at speeches about the '*sœur latine*.' On the contrary he looks upon Belgium and England as his natural allies in Europe.

Poincaré's phrase, 'perfect equality,' as the main condition of any Franco-British pact, is the very expression of popular feeling. French people hate their friends to take a patronizing attitude, and are inclined to fear being deceived by other people.

Lloyd George's cleverness makes them feel a little uneasy. This partly explains their disapproval of Premiers'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conferences; besides, these meetings strike them as rather amateurish. They have no use for this new diplomacy, which has brought nothing but disillusions to France; and a return to the old methods of professional diplomats would seem to them an improvement. Just as they like to keep their private affairs secret, so they dislike the public discussion of their diplomatic affairs; their national pride is hurt by Conferences where scores of states have to give an opinion and to cast a vote on subjects which, to their mind, should be settled by the two or three nations directly concerned.

For the time being, France wants private diplomatic conversations with England; she considers this method the only possible way to get rid of the misunderstandings which have become more and more frequent. It must be clearly stated that nothing in the form of protection from England would be accepted; no interdiction to build submarines under any circumstances whatever, nor a limitation of armaments, until France is certain that Germany is sincerely peaceful; and last, but not least, no curtailment of the indemnity and reparations to be paid by Germany.

When an agreement on these points has been reached, everything else will easily be settled, and a Franco-British pact will be greeted with genuine enthusiasm. But many people question if Poincaré is the statesman to seal the desired pact — and his supporters may be more fatal to his efficiency than his adversaries.

MISREPRESENTED FRANCE

BY JEAN LONGUET

From *Review of Reviews, February–March*
(London Liberal Monthly)

Few incidents in the political history of France or of Europe have been more striking than the disappearance of the Briand Government, in the middle of the Cannes Conference. There is but one historical precedent, and that a distant one. The Congress of Vienna was broken up, in mid-career, by the landing of Napoleon from Elba. Not until after Waterloo could the discussions be resumed.

I do not think that French imperialism must meet a Waterloo before the Genoa Conference can assemble. But there is no doubt that the advent to power of the man who bears as heavy a responsibility as any for the outbreak of the World War; who contributed more than any to its prolongation, by blocking all the efforts made in 1916 and 1917 to put an end to the slaughter by negotiations; and who, since the peace, has represented, in all its brutality, what I have called in the *Populaire* the policy of Shylock — is of grave import for the world's peace, for those who wait, with ever-increasing anxiety, for a reconciliation of the peoples.

France's foreign policy, at the present hour, cannot be understood with-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out an appreciation of the struggle which, for a long series of years, has divided the forces making for peace and a good understanding with the peoples of other countries from the traditional militarists, the old monarchist parties, and the Chauvinists, whose strength lies in their entrenchment in the age-long traditions of France, in the evil heritage of glory and imperialism left by Napoleon, and, to go yet farther back, by Louis XIV.

Before the war the struggle against militarism at home was dominated by a single great and glorious personality — that of Jaurès. His strength lay in the support of the proletarian masses; at the same time, he had behind him the pacifist section of the bourgeois Radicals, whose leader was the famous ex-Minister, Caillaux. In the elections of May 1914, this combination had gained striking successes over the Nationalists. At this time the principal leaders of the Chauvinist Party were Poincaré, then President of the Republic, and the so-called 'Federation of the Lefts,' led by Millerand — now President — and Barthou, now Minister for War. But in a Chamber of 585 members the Socialists held 101 seats, and the Radicals 180. Their strength was shown when in June, a month after the elections, Poincaré tried to force on the new Chamber a Ribot Ministry, inspired more or less by the programme of the Federation of the Left; on the very day of its formation this Ministry was overthrown — a thing almost unprecedented in parliamentary annals — after powerful speeches by the Socialists, Jaurès and Sembat.

The war upset all this. Poincaré, occupying the central strategic position of President of the Republic, hastened, by the end of August 1914, to use the extreme danger of the country to assert the necessity of a *Union sacrée*, and set up a Coalition Government including men who had been rejected by universal suffrage only three months before.

The disappearance of Jaurès, tragically assassinated on the eve of the war; the sinister conspiracy against Caillaux, whom the militarist bourgeoisie hounded down as the man who, in 1911, at the time of Agadir, maintained peace, and whom the plutocrats detested even more bitterly because he had tried to substitute a genuine income tax for our preposterous system of taxation; the formidable Chauvinist reaction caused by the war in France as in other countries — all these causes led to the disgraceful elections of 1919.

Their influence dominates the present political situation in France and naturally the policy of the Government. Thanks to the most absurd electoral system in the world, the strangest blend of proportional representation and the list system, France has been saddled with a majority of the so-called 'National Bloc,' a remarkable combination of partisans of fallen dynasties, Royalists, Bonapartists, Clericals, Republicans of the plutocratic 'Democratic Alliance,' and Radicals turned reactionary under the ægis of patriotism. As a matter of fact, the National Bloc did not even represent a majority of the French electorate at the time of the elections. Far less now. Nevertheless, there it is, and there it may stay, legally, until May 1924, composing the most reactionary Chamber France has had for a hundred years. To find anything comparable, one must go back not merely to the famous *Assemblée du jour de malheur*, elected after the defeat of 1871, but rather to the egregious *Chambre introuvable*, which, after the fall of Napoleon and the return of the Bourbons, frightened Louis XVIII himself by its reactionism.

In internal policy it has gone to extreme lengths against the workers, showing the most violent hostility to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such measures as the eight-hour day, and, while amnestying all sorts of dubious characters on the pretext that they were ex-soldiers, treating with the most ruthless severity the sailors of the Black Sea Fleet who, in 1919, refused to take part in a war against Russia which had never been declared. The foreign policy of the National Bloc has been even more clearly and sharply reactionary. The reproaches made against France abroad ought to be leveled against this majority, which does not represent the majority of the country. It has always desired, and still seeks, the dismemberment of Germany by the annexation of the Rhine provinces, and the destruction of German unity. This it regards as the sole guaranty of the security of France. It has obstinately fostered the imperialism of the Quai D'Orsay's subject states, and more especially of Poland, whose reactionary and anti-Semite policy it has always supported. The foreign policy of the National Bloc is represented by the development of a monstrous imperialism, the more monstrous because, throughout the whole course of the war, our governors promised us that 'the victory of right and of civilization' would be followed by general disarmament. As a matter of fact we have at this moment nearly 900,000 men under arms in time of peace. There are more than 100,000 occupying the Left bank of the Rhine. The same number are in Morocco. There are 80,000 in Syria. Thousands of French soldiers are quartered in Upper Silesia, in Austria, in Hungary, in Constantinople; the contingents in our colonies, Algeria and Tunisia, have also been increased. And all the time the Bloc is campaigning for huge indemnities from Germany. Was not its election platform in 1919 the phrase, pasted on all the walls of Paris, 'The Boche shall pay?'

Ex-President Poincaré, instead of adopting the reserved attitude traditionally assumed by Presidents after they retire from the Élysée, put himself at the head of the Shylock policy, and in every speech and every article in the *Temps* and the *Matin* demanded his pound of flesh.

Briand's policy was one of compromise and opportunism. Therefore the National Bloc, in its extreme nationalism, was easily played upon by the little group of devotees of the Ex-President, by Clemenceau, Tardieu, and Mandel, and the excited speeches of the Ex-War Minister André Lefèvre, who continually claims, without evidence, that Germany was preparing a new war, to bring about the coup which has just astonished the world.

As a matter of fact, the fall of M. Briand was much less due to the Chamber than to the intervention — sudden and to a large extent unconstitutional — of M. Millerand, who, in the strangest manner, chose to express his 'alarm' about the Cannes Conference. Hence there has been produced, in the higher regions of French politics, a remarkable evolution. Less than a year ago, when the gentlemen of the National Bloc, trying to take the bit in their teeth, wanted to force the Government to occupy the Ruhr, the President, then representing moderation and good sense, declared that he would not hesitate, rather than accept such an act of folly, to dissolve the Chamber and appeal to the country.

A dissolution to-day would be the best solution, since the present Parliamentary majority endangers world peace and is a public international nuisance. There are, however, two major difficulties in the way. On the one hand, the French public is unused to the idea of a dissolution of Parliament. It has only once been resorted to since the establishment of the Third Republic, at the time of the coup d'état of Marshal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MacMahon against the Republican majority. Ever since it has been regarded as an assault on popular representation.

The other difficulty is connected with the evil nature of the present French electoral system. The law of absolute majority, which, in any department, gives all the seats to the party that has secured a bare majority, might overthrow the National Bloc, which is extremely unpopular. But this result could only be obtained if all the opposition parties set up common lists — if Radicals and Socialists, including Communists, joined together on a common programme of opposition to the Bloc. Such an electoral policy would be disastrous for the Socialist Party.

In any event President Millerand, who has now become, for reasons hard to see, the sponsor of the Poincaré Government, certainly will not demand a dissolution. We must wait to see what that Government actually does. French Socialists, of whatever section, have always denounced 'Poincaré-la-Guerre.' They have not forgotten and will not forget their international ideals and responsibilities.

THE MAD KAISER

[*An anonymous author said to belong to very high circles in Germany has just published a sensational book entitled* Germany's Tragedy. *One chapter contains a character study of William II, from which we quote the following.*]

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, February* 10 *and* 11
(Vienna Conservative Socialist Daily)

William II has a bad inheritance. His great uncle, Frederick William IV, died with a clouded mind. William himself has had an ear abscess, the true diagnosis of which has never been made public. This has given ground to a rumor that it is of a hereditary leucorrheal character. More than thirty years ago his private physician is said to have informed the Director of the Gotha Life Insurance Bank that this abscess was incurable and would eventually produce a mental malady.

This was an euphemism, for the mental malady existed before William ascended the throne. Kaiser Frederick declared that his son was virtually insane. When William was officially declared capable of managing his own affairs, in 1877, his father remarked to the Rector of Berlin University: 'Do you congratulate me, you a psychiatrist?' On the same occasion he said to another gentleman: 'Dear Count, don't congratulate me, for he will never be really competent!' A number of unpublished medical reports suggested the advisability of having this established by law. But the German people lacked the spunk to insist that the sensible proposal of some Conservative members of the Reichstag in 1908, to have the Federal Diet declare the Kaiser incompetent, be carried out.

Only two physicians were bold enough to publish their true opinion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the ex-Kaiser's condition, and they did so circumspectly. Professor Friedlander has written: —

> We are not ready to raise the question, whether or not William II is mentally abnormal, as Tesdorpf and Forel have intimated, without submitting their reasons in detail. We do not yet possess conclusive evidence as to this. However, it seems certain that William II is an abnormally high-strung person, whose volitional impulses are at times uncontrollable, so as to render him irresponsible for his acts.

Any person who was intimately associated with the Kaiser must have been impressed by his periods of hysterically voluble conversation. He would summon an expert to inquire about some matter, start talking the moment the latter appeared, and dismiss him before he had an opportunity to utter a single word. The Monarch's speeches made him ridiculous at home and abroad, and seriously lowered respect for the German people. In these speeches he betrayed decided symptoms of megalomania and morbid mysticism. His self-exaltation knew no bounds. A person who ventured to question his views was rewarded for his frankness with a blunt rebuke. Only flatterers got his ear. When Moltke refused to accept an appointment as Chief of General Staff, recognizing that he was not then qualified for the post, the Kaiser said to him: 'You can manage the lighter duties in times of peace, and in time of war I will help you.' Yet the Kaiser's comprehension of strategy was so rudimentary that he reduced every competent officer to despair in the war games of the General Staff, which he always conducted, and which he was supposed invariably to win. After an evening of such theoretical manœuvres, a high General Staff officer wrote in his diary: 'It was appalling. If this man (the Kaiser) leads our armies in the next war, or interferes in any way with their operations, we shall be hopelessly defeated.' During grand manœuvres the Kaiser made the same spectacle of himself. Waldersee was abruptly dismissed from the Imperial presence because he ventured a few words of criticism. The Kaiser's conception of a military masterpiece was to figure as the centre of a set scene, surrounded by a gorgeously uniformed staff, mounted on a spirited horse, directing the attack of a division of cavalry in an absolutely impossible situation. For him the army was simply a plaything, to be used in parades, manœuvres, and similar military spectacles.

Germany's military leaders were badly worried, but ventured no criticisms. Even Schlieffen used to say, when the Kaiser was about to lead manœuvres: 'There may be doubts as to the propriety of the Supreme War Lord's commanding in person. But there can be no doubt that he must surely win if he does command.' The fact that the Kaiser commanded, and always commanded badly, so that a victory invariably had to be contrived for him by a weird combination of impossibilities, demoralized the staff personnel. Schlieffen once said to the high officer whom I quoted above: 'We must let him have his soldier games and his victories, or else he will take a dislike to the thing and lose interest in the army.'

William's megalomania was aggravated by the feeling that he was at the head of a mighty military machine. He 'smashed the social democracy'; he wrote beneath a picture that he presented to the Minister of Justice, Von Friedberg, on January 27, 1893: *Nemo me impune lacessit;* he felt that he was the predestined prophet and champion of Europe against the Yellow Peril; he proclaimed arrogantly to the distant Templar Congregation in Jerusalem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on November 1, 1908: 'If one of you ever needs a protector, I am present; let him come to me, no matter to what confession he belongs.'

He proclaimed himself 'the friend of three hundred million Mohammedans'; and in October 1901, he threatened: 'Unless we secure commercial treaties, I shall smash things to smithereens.' At his instructions a monument was erected in 1899 at the place where he had shot a fine buck. It bore this inscription: 'Here his Majesty, Emperor William II, shot on . . . a magnificent stag.' In 1903 he gave a still more conspicuous exhibition of this kind of madness. When he killed his two hundredth stag on Grinmetz Heath, he commissioned the sculptor Borsdorf to erect a great monument there with this inscription: 'Our Exalted Markgraf and Master, Kaiser Wilhelm II, brought down at this point on Grinmetz Heath, the nineteenth of September, 1902, his two hundredth noble stag.'

His megalomania embraced his ancestors and his wife. Helffrich, in his tendential and plausible but unconvincing three-volume work, *The World War*, calls this obsession 'an infatuation for military traditions.' William's efforts to exalt the memory of his grandfather were laughable. He called him 'William the Great,' referred to him as 'enveloped in legends,' and compared him with Frederick Barbarossa. He spoke of him as 'an almost holy figure,' 'a tool of God,' and referred to himself as the aid-de-camp of the deceased. It is hard to say whether mysticism or eagerness to wear the gorgeous paraphernalia of an aid-de-camp inspired the last metaphor. Queen Louisa was described in his speeches as 'a goddess,' 'a saint,' 'the inspirer of the war of liberation,' and 'the savior of Prussia.' In even worst taste were his references to his wife, to whom he applied in public addresses the expressions, 'model of every virtue,' 'ideal German mother,' and others of the same kind. The whole Hohenzollern legend, so sedulously cultivated by the Kaiser, was designed to serve as an Old Testament, whose prophecies were to be fulfilled in himself, the world's Imperial Messiah. He considered himself the 'instrument of the Master,' 'a tool of God'; indeed, he even tried to compete with Mohammed, and with his own grandfather, of whom he said, on February 15, 1903, that God had 'revealed himself' in him. He later made the same modest assumption regarding his own person. He viewed his own jubilee as 'a grace of Heaven.' He did not shrink from the most absurd blasphemies on such occasions, and proved over and over again that his megalomania had its roots in a mystical religious mania. He was saturated with the theory of divine right. His fancy that he received personal revelations from God upset his reason. At every opportunity he laid stress upon a relationship with the Deity that savored of a partnership between equals. He held that the purpose of science was to honor God. He discussed this in a speech which he made on the nineteenth of March, 1900, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Academy of Sciences, where he intermingled, in a confused harangue, himself, Goethe, Leibnitz, and his personal mysticism. He considered the function of art as essentially loftier than that of science, for she was to serve the honor of the Hohenzollerns, whom she was to glorify in a thousand mediocre poems, paintings, and statues. The most conspicuous expression of this megalomania, and at the same time of the Kaiser's utter lack of artistic taste and instinct, was the Siegesallee, the designing of which he regarded a memorable event in the history of the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I fancy that Hermann Lutz hit the truth when he wrote: 'I cannot escape the impression that William II preached his theories of divine right and a divine mission, during the early years of his reign after Bismarck's fall, for the express purpose of adding to his personal prestige. I am further convinced, however, that he gradually became obsessed by these ideas, so that in the end he believed unquestioningly and sincerely in their actuality.'

William's obscure mysticism grew with the passing years. His sermons at sea were indubitable evidence of his mental abnormality. In addressing an audience of scholars and students, on February 9, 1913, he described the rise of Prussia after 1806 as 'a deed of God' and as 'an unprecedented miracle.' William's mad mysticism partly explains a certain exuberant conceit, that in periods of great excitement became positively repulsive. In 1902, referring to the presence of the Empress at a convention of the Borrussa Corps, he said: 'Never, so long as the history of our German universities is written, will one of them have an opportunity to record an equal honor,' and 'all the young members of the Corps upon whom the eyes of the Empress rest to-day will have received a consecration for their whole lives.' Such exaggerated expressions violated every canon of good taste. His glorifications of the Empress involuntarily recall Bismarck's sarcastic references to the 'Holstein dairymaid, whose healthy blood may reinvigorate the corrupt blood of the Hohenzollerns.' This simple Holstein princess naturally was sadly unfitted for the divine pedestal to which her mad Caesar tried to exalt her. She deserved pity rather than deification.

William's tendency to lose his head accounts for many of his impulsive and unfortunate expressions and actions. For instance, there was his bestowing the order *Pour le Mérite* upon the Russian General Stössel, the defender of Port Arthur. Almost immediately afterwards Stössel was convicted and sentenced to death for dereliction of duty, indolence, and cowardice. All the world laughed at William. In 1904 he characterized Count Zeppelin as 'a crazy South German Graf,' and on the tenth of November, 1908, he lauded him as 'the greatest German of the twentieth century.' He was fond of taking oaths of loyalty to himself, decorated 'Iltis' with the *Pour le Mérite* order, presented marches to ships, and informed the King of Spain 'that the German people unite in daily prayer for the young ruler.' At the Cathedral of Drontheim he personally sent 'ardent prayers to Heaven that it watch over Your Majesty (King Hakon VII), and that Your Majesty may succeed in leading the Norwegian people into a glorious and prosperous future.' He lavished monuments upon foreign nations that did not want them, and he was, as an Englishman aptly said, 'the *enfant terrible* of Europe.'

Thus an idea of his own exaggerated greatness and a morbid vanity took complete possession of him. There were years when he spent from two hundred to two hundred and fifty days traveling; and there were occasions when he changed his uniforms, of which he had more than a thousand, from twelve to fourteen times within twenty-four hours. During the darkest period of the World War, when every citizen of Germany was sacrificing his all for his country, the Kaiser was having heavy golden arm bands put on his tunics. His uniform designs and his fashion of wearing his moustache became common jokes. When he visited the front, his theatrical manner of-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fended the soldiers instead of strengthening their loyalty. In spite of his infatuation with military things, he never understood military science. He could not have been a Napoleon, even had he possessed military talent. When he knelt on a battle field covered with dead and exclaimed, with tear-stained eyes: 'My God, I have not willed this,' it was a mere theatrical gesture. He always acted as if he were on the stage. His life was a perpetual pose. His public descriptions of the great war as a conflict between opposing moral and intellectual codes, proves that he utterly failed to comprehend the philosophical background of that conflict. Moral and intellectual codes played a very minor part in that great greed-begotten struggle.

No man did so much to destroy the prestige of monarchy in Germany as this unhappy man, who belonged in a sanitarium and not upon the throne. Unhappily, his acts were more than the ridiculous antics of a madman; they were the deeds of a crowned ruler, spelling ruin to the German people, who did not have the resolution and self-respect to put this royal mischief-maker where he could do no harm.

William loved to pose as a prince of peace. It is true he wished peace, so far as a man with his malady consistently wishes anything. But he was also captivated with the idea of playing the armored knight, who says, 'Let there be peace,' and is obeyed. This attitude was irritating and challenging. It might have caused war before it did, had England not honestly sought peace and France honestly feared war.

The former Kaiser's naval policy fell increasingly under the control of the pan-Germans. It was the acme of folly to boast, as William did, of the future deeds of the German navy, even before he had a navy. When he appointed himself Field Marshal in 1900, it was silly for him to say: 'The new offensive flank which I have brought to the support of the army, in the powerful navy I have built, places us in a position to face any peril, to defy any league that may be formed against us.'

Why did a prince of peace need an offensive flank? Moreover, the World War proved that there were leagues too strong for the German army, in spite of all its offensive flanks and heroism. William II had no occasion to quote repeatedly, in relation to his new navy, a remark of Frederick William I: 'If a man wants to settle something in this world, the pen will not do it for him unless backed up by the sword.' Above all, he should not have used the boastful language that startled the world in 1900: 'The ocean also testifies that in the remotest parts of the globe, far across its waters, no matter of moment shall be settled henceforth without Germany, and without the German Kaiser.' He ought not to have said to the Tsar, when they exchanged courtesies on August 7, 1902: 'The Admiral of the Atlantic Ocean to the Admiral of the Pacific Ocean.' England naturally let the German Kaiser know that he was mistaken, and that Lord Fisher was the Admiral of the Atlantic. That was a bitter pill. Last of all, he ought not to have stigmatized pacificism as an illness. He should not have proclaimed to the world in 1905: 'Powder dry, sword unsheathed, objective in view, every muscle tense, and the blue devils banished! I drink to our nation in arms!' Such instances gave him the reputation of an unctuous hypocrite, a reputation dating from the unfortunate letter which he wrote to the Emperor of Austria, lamenting the loss of Bismarck's services, immediately after he drove Bismarck out of office.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William II was much too timid, especially in his periods of depression, seriously to desire war. His fits of weeping during the war, and the irresolution he invariably manifested in times of difficulty, prove this beyond question. But, having no common sense, he doubtlessly played with the fire. He himself said that 'he threw down the gauge of battle to France in Morocco.' Count Hoensbroech, in his book, *William's Abdication and Flight*, goes so far as to assert that the Kaiser was a physical coward. He draws that conclusion from his by no means valiant attitude during the first days of the Revolution. Secretary von Schön, in his book, *My Experience*, gives a description of the Kaiser's landing at Tangier which contains further evidence of his timidity. The numerous trials for lese majesty during his reign may have been due in part to William's solicitude for his personal safety, although they are to be explained to some extent by the eagerness of public prosecutors to make a name for themselves. This much at least is certain: William II never, either in war or in peace, gave a single exhibition of personal courage.

The ex-Kaiser's conduct in connection with the Krüger telegram, in 1896, indicates his political incompetence. It did not help the Boers, and it revealed to England the real spirit animating German policy. This telegram was the result of an outburst of anger on William's part, because the *London Standard*, a Conservative daily, in referring to a speech which he had delivered on board the Worth, on August 6, recommended that hereafter he reserve his warlike remarks for German territory and not for English waters. William and his equally stupid Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Freiherr von Marshall, thought they were 'getting back' at England. We are informed that Von Marshall suggested the telegram, and the Kaiser was persuaded to send it.

The truth is that we were within a hair's breadth of a world war at that time. For it occurred to another genius in the Foreign Office that it would be a bright idea to send four hundred of our colonial troops to the assistance of the Boers, and to demand that Portugal permit them to travel across its territories from Delagoa Bay. Marquis de Soveral, who was at the head of the Lisbon Foreign Office, bluntly refused the permission thus dictatorially demanded, and thereby spared the world, for the time being, a fearful war. Lord Salisbury said in 1899: —

> The Jameson raid was certainly a foolish adventure. It was foolish because it was planned on false assumptions and was foredoomed to failure. But the Krüger telegram was even more foolish, at least from the standpoint of German interests. What the German Government had in view, when it demanded permission from Portugal to send a few hundred soldiers through that country's territories to the Transvaal, is a complete riddle to me. What could that Government accomplish in that way? It is a great piece of good fortune, in any case, that the thing failed, on account of Soveral's resolute attitude. The moment the first German soldier trod the soil of the South African Republic, war would have been inevitable. Had Great Britain and Germany begun fighting, it would have brought about a general European war, and perhaps a world war. Courcelles (at that time French ambassador in London) informed me, at the instance of his Government, that in case of a war between England and Germany, France would observe an attitude of exceedingly benevolent neutrality toward us, and would probably eventually take an active part in the conflict. We were also notified from St. Petersburg that in case we became involved in a war with Germany, we should have nothing to fear from Russia, either in central Asia or elsewhere.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In spite of all this, when England finally became involved in actual hostilities with Krüger, William prepared for Great Britain, without any invitation to do so, a plan of campaign against the very Boers to whom he had proposed to send four hundred colonial troops as a reinforcement. This is a brilliant example of the consistency of German foreign policy, and is applicable to that policy right up to the beginning of the World War. When Krüger made his trip to Europe to secure sympathy from European Governments, he was not even received at Berlin.

Another international blunder of first magnitude, that did immeasurable harm to Germany, was committed by the Kaiser in connection with the expedition to China at the time of the Boxer uprising. These are the words he addressed to the departing German soldiers at Bremerhaven, on July 27, 1900: —

> No mercy shall be shown! No prisoners shall be taken! Let every one who falls into your hands be a dead man! A thousand years ago the Huns under their King Attila won a reputation that is still handed down in legend and story; let the name of Germany be remembered in China a thousand years hence in a like manner, so that hereafter a Chinaman will never venture even to look with enmity at a German.

And the German nation tolerated without protest these disgraceful words, this outburst of a depraved mentality and diseased brain. And Germans hasten to forget that it was their Kaiser who riveted the abusive name of Huns upon his own army.

The pernicious influence which William exercised over the foreign policy of Germany was rendered possible only by a system of personal government, that attained unprecedented development during his reign. He did not understand the German people; he knew only the nobility, the army officials, the official classes, and a few scholars and artists. And of the latter, those whom he favored were not among the truly eminent. This brood consisted of such people as that distinguished supervisor who said in a public discourse that, compared with the brilliant talents of the Emperor, the most gifted among them were mere simpletons — a statement that probably applied quite well to the gentleman who made it.

William divided the common people into those who were against him and those who were for him. He smiled benevolently upon the latter and he 'crushed' the former — but only figuratively.

His defiant attitude toward the Social Democrats was what might be expected of a man who believed himself their divinely appointed ruler. At first, he refused to take the Social-Democratic movement seriously. In 1890 he said to one of his ministers: 'Just leave the Social Democrats to me; I'll soon settle them.' He did not know what the Socialists wanted. He merely felt instinctively that their agitation threatened his supremacy, and he confounded his supremacy with the national welfare. 'To my mind every Social Democrat is an enemy of the Empire and the Fatherland.' He addressed these words to some striking miners, adding that if they offered the slightest resistance to the authorities, he would order them shot down en masse. He desired children to be taught in school 'that the doctrine of the Social Democrats is not only contrary to God's commandments and Christian ethics, but it is impractical in application, and its results will be equally ruinous to individuals and to the community.' He really thought that if the Social Democrats acquired a majority in Berlin they would 'plun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

der the citizens.' In 1892, when opposition was offered in the Reichstag to his military estimates, he said in his New Year proclamation to the army commanders, 'I will crush this opposition!' And in 1897, when addressing the Brandenburg Provincial Assembly, he said: —

> Any political group that attempts to undermine the foundations of the Government, or to attack religion, and that does not show proper respect for the person of its exalted Master, is a pest and must be exterminated.

He repeatedly admonished army recruits and officers to be prepared to fight the enemy at home. During the war he remarked, with a smile, 'When the Guard appears, democracy vanishes.' He had no comprehension whatsoever for the German political idealism of 1848. At the dedication of the Kaiser Alexander Grenadier Barracks on March 28, 1901, he said: —

> The regiment's duty is to serve as a bodyguard, ever ready by day and by night to stake its life, if necessary, for the King and his House; and should the city of Berlin, as it once did in 1848, presumptuously and disobediently rise against the King, then it will become your duty, my grenadiers, to bring these presumptuous and disobedient people to reason with the points of your bayonets.

One can easily imagine what impression this speech made upon the people of Berlin. William II drove the electors by thousands into the ranks of the Social Democratic party, and the fact that on January 25, 1912 that party returned to the Reichstag with one hundred and ten representatives instead of the fifty-three representatives in the previous House, was due largely to these oratorical threats.

This pompous puppet had the presumption to assume that he had been designated by the Almighty to lead the German people into an era of unprecedented glory. A man who, after all this experience, still believes in monarchy, is indeed unteachable and incurable.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA: 1867. III

BY GIULIO ADAMOLI

From *Nuova Antologia, February* 1
(Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

New Orleans, *March* 1.

I am reveling in warm sunshine, semitropical vegetation, and light spring clothing. It is delightful to sit in a café and sip lemonade, instead of standing at a bar, with your foot on a rail, tossing down cocktails; and to see ladies in *grand décolleté* at Bellanger's, the fashionable refreshment place in Canal Street, taking ices after the theatre. But above all, I delight to mingle with the gay crowds that stroll through the parks on Sunday, throng the restaurants of the city and its suburbs of a late afternoon, and pack the theatres and places of refreshment every evening until far into the night. With the gloomy Protestant Sundays of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the North fresh in my mind, I have conceived a real liking for the Jesuit Fathers here, who govern the consciences of their Catholic flocks, certainly not after our fashion, but with a kindly indulgence that encourages them to relax in mind and body after the week's labor. This is the most striking Latin trait in the metropolis of Louisiana. Coming directly from the foggy cities of the North, New Orleans with its sunlight, its festal air, its all-pervading cheeriness and gayety, seems to me the most beautiful city I have visited since I landed in the United States. I have seen many handsome buildings, mostly of stone or brick; the balconies and porches are adorned with artistic ironwork, although usually of rather heavy design. The streets are well paved and are furrowed by tracks over which street cars, decorated with designs popular upon coaches one hundred years ago, pass to and fro, drawn by a single mule. The city is well lighted, as are also the great and richly stocked stores and the popular confectionary shops that take the place of our cafés.

Canal Street, the principal thoroughfare, need not shrink from comparison with the best boulevards of Europe. Down its whole length extends a belt of lawn, adorned with beautiful flower beds. The sidewalks are thronged day and night with happy people of every color, whom it does one's heart good to watch. Jackson Square, filled with orange trees, Japanese medlars, and other trees in flower and fruit, has a statue of General Jackson in the middle. The church of the Jesuits, designed by one of their fathers, is not especially meritorious from the architectural standpoint. The college adjoining it is in the Moorish style. There is also a Moorish building constructed entirely of iron which occupies an entire block. It was erected by an Italian, who failed before it was completed. Just now it is occupied by a charity bazaar for the benefit of ex-Confederate soldiers. The ladies who are selling goods generally have black hair and eyes, and are very graceful. They are aided by former Confederate officers, among whom is General Hood, who uses crutches on account of the wounds he received when commanding in Tennessee. At this fair I saw a buggy which is to be given to the sons of Jefferson Davis. La Ristori recited some verses. Since I do not know anyone here, I escaped being robbed. The St. Charles Hotel is a monumental building, and a great rendezvous of Southern business men. The lobby is virtually a stock exchange, where revolver shots are sometimes heard. Dueling is still common. Men fight with the sword, with double-barreled shotguns, and sometimes with bowie knives — usually to the death. Three or four days ago a husband challenged a man who had offended his wife. They fought with rifles, firing at the same instant, and both falling dead. An effort is being made to repress these bloody encounters, probably under the influence of the Yankees, who are more accustomed to settle their difficulties with their fists.

Upon the advice of an acquaintance I have put up at the quieter Hotel St. Louis. Strolling along the Mississippi levee in company with an agreeable New Orleans man, I was astonished to see the amount of traffic here. Countless river boats and ocean steamers were moored along the wharves. Still my companion insisted that traffic today is only a pale reflection of what it was before the war. New Orleans is the principal transshipping port for the great products of the South — cotton and sugar. The cultivation of cotton is now confined to upland plantations, the lower country being almost entirely devoted to sugar cane. This is due to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an insect pest which thrives in the warm, humid climate along the river, boring its way into the cotton bolls and destroying the fibre. The city's most serious commercial loss is that of the Kentucky tobacco trade. In the old days this commodity was brought down the river and shipped from here to all parts of the world. When New Orleans was blockaded during the war, the crop began to go to New York by rail. Shippers are still dependent upon the capitalists of that city for large advances of money, but when conditions return to normal it is expected that tobacco will again be shipped by the old economical river route.

Canal Street divides the city into two distinct parts. The Americans live on the west. They are industrious, busy traders, intent on accumulating fortunes. They have already recovered from the losses of the war. On the other side live the Creoles, of French descent, aristocratic and proud of their great plantations, which were formerly cultivated by armies of slaves. Their fortunes received a fearful blow when the Negroes were emancipated, and their lands were left untilled. But they still own the soil, and prosperity will again smile upon them when labor has accustomed itself to its new status. At present the competition of the Americans is formidable, and it is difficult for the Creoles to maintain their old unquestioned social supremacy. As soon as the North had won the war, the Negroes either deserted the plantations or were carried away by force. However, their dream of living without work was of short duration, and they are now drifting back to the plantations of their own accord.

Zealous reformers from the North have established the Freedmen's Bureau for the laudable purpose of protecting the newly emancipated slaves and regulating their relations with their former masters. The Negroes are required to register at the Bureau, and planters apply to it for whatever laborers they need. The Bureau supplies the planter with Negro hands, collects their wages for them, and sees that the contracts made with them are carried out. Its other functions are to look after the Negroes who are not yet employed, and to provide them with sufficient instruction to enable them to exercise the franchise. Theoretically, this is very fine. In practice, it is a failure. Corrupt Government officials steal the Negroes' wages, leaving their wards to get along the best they can, compel the latter to work for them without compensation, and accept bribes from their former masters. The result is that the mere mention of the Freedmen's Bureau throws the poor Negroes into a panic. There is nothing surprising in this; for the state officials, even those of the highest rank, steal openly and enrich themselves at the expense of the taxpayers. At least this is the situation as described to me by a gentleman at the club. I repeat what is told me, but cannot guarantee that it is free from exaggeration.

I ought to add that the gentlemen who give me such information admit that some people who came from the North are honest idealists deserving of all respect. Such men are establishing excellent schools for the colored people and conducting evangelical work among them.

I received more precise information, based on personal experience, from Mr. Forstall, a prominent banker, who received me most hospitably at his magnificent residence. Despite his seventy years, Mr. Forstall is an active and vigorous man, with a clearness of intellect and an intimate knowledge of the condition of the country, before the war and at the present time, that lend great value to his opinion. Before the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

war his numerous slaves lived under a patriarchal régime. He provided most of their food and looked after their welfare. They constituted a great family. When the Yankee troops came, they drove the Negroes from the plantations in order to break up the slave system. In former days he had an immense capital tied up in slaves, which were always a precarious investment. It cost very large sums to keep them, and they were a constant source of trouble. Now he pays his laborers a dollar a day in store orders, with which they are able to purchase food and clothing at his plantation store. Accounts are balanced weekly. He does not think the amount of labor performed by a Negro is much different from that performed by a white. Some Negroes spend all they earn and others save money, but that used to happen when they were still slaves. Mr. Forstall urged me most hospitably to visit his plantation and to see his new sugar mill, which is one of the best in Louisiana.

This sober opinion of Mr. Forstall contrasts remarkably with the passionate fury of the young men I meet at the club, at cafés, and at social gatherings, who burst into torrents of impetuous abuse of the North whenever politics are mentioned.

At a soirée at the home of Madame Seguin, daughter of Mr. Peychot, I found myself in the midst of a party of gentlemen who seemed to take the presence of a European as an invitation to pour out the rebellious resentment which still boils in their Southern bosoms. The burden of their story was: 'We surrendered in good faith; we accepted the terms given to the conquered; we do not intend to rebel again. In spite of the humiliations heaped upon us, there has not been the shadow of a design on our part to resume the war. We have no means of doing so. Our arms have been taken from us; our country has been ravaged; slavery has fallen — no one realizes that as vividly as we do. The crisis was a violent one, but now that the amputation has been performed, we realize its benefit and appreciate the advantages of free labor. Now we need peace. We need an opportunity to restore our fortunes, to reconstruct our country not only for ourselves, but for the whole Union. But our good-will is flouted; every device is used to prevent reconstruction. Odious restrictions oppress our commerce. We are under the heel of generals and judges with indefinite powers, superior to the law, who without preferring any charge, without giving us a trial, can take away our property and cast us into prison.

'Whence can we draw courage to cultivate our plantations, when the mere caprice of a soldier may take our property from us under the same false pretext, often entirely imaginary, that we have committed an offense against the majesty of the Union? They want an infallible guaranty that we shall not revolt before removing this intolerable incubus; but what better guaranty is there than our weakness and the abolition of slavery? The only thing that we do not submit to, and never shall submit to, is social and political equality with the blacks. They are trying to force upon us four million voters of a lower race. In some localities these constitute an overwhelming majority. They are hostile to us. They elect officers, regardless of their qualifications, for the sole purpose of keeping us in subjection. Let the Yankees come down here and see the stupid, ignorant race that they want to make our equals in ruling the common destinies of the nation. If they were educated men, if they were worthy of American citizenship, we should not object to them; but as it is, we should be lowering ourselves to place ourselves on their level,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And because we will not consent, the North has taken away our right to vote and is trying to reduce us to a territorial status. For this object its agents impose on us laws more barbarous than those of Russia — tyrannical laws. The legislature of the state holds its session and enacts legislation; but General Sheridan, the military commander of Louisiana, can suspend the execution of any act of the legislature by a mere stroke of the pen whenever it suits his pleasure.'

The complaints of these gentlemen have some foundation. The *Tribune*, the radical newspaper of New Orleans, is raging because both houses of Congress at Washington have passed, by a heavy majority and against the opposition of the President, a bill introduced by Sherman, which I have myself perused. It confers upon the military commanders of the former rebellious states the right to impose death penalties and to sequestrate the property of the residents of those states, the right to nominate and to remove magistrates, the right to appoint committees to draw up the registration lists of voters and to enroll citizens without regard to color. The elections will probably take place within a few weeks. There will be revolver shooting between the blacks and whites, and lives will be sacrificed, as they were on the tragic thirtieth of last July.

NEW ORLEANS, *March* 3.

I arose at five o'clock this morning to visit the old French market. I saw displayed under broad shelters great heaps of bananas, oranges, Italian chestnuts, Japanese persimmons, pineapples, cocoanuts, vegetables, flowers, meat, and fish. I saw some families of Chaca Indians from the shores of Lake Pontchartrain. They are brownish, indolent creatures who sell vegetables, a kind of green powder which I could not identify, and baskets of their own weaving. Negro cooks were passing to and fro among these bounties of Providence, their heads wrapped in bright-colored handkerchiefs, adding a touch of brilliant coloring to the scene.

Then I took a street car without a star — for the starred cars are for Negroes only — and made a tour of the fourth district. The route lay between cottages and pleasant gardens, where wealthy American residents retire to domestic pleasures after their fatiguing business in Carondelet Street. I was just in time for an appointment with our consul, who took me to see a cock-fight. We witnessed three matches. Two of the contestants were killed. A third was withdrawn, fatally injured. The spectators occupied rising tiers of seats surrounding a little ring, under a broad roof. The cocks were weighed, then exhibited to the public by their trainers. As soon as these fighting birds are set down in the arena they fly at each other and are cheered on by the auditors until the event is over. There have been cases where a dying cock in its death spasm struck his spur into the heart of his exulting adversary and killed him instantly. These fiery birds fight furiously, but at the same time skillfully. They watch each other alertly; they thrust and parry; they attack their rivals with their beaks and tear each other's breast and throat with their spurs. In the intervals between the rounds the trainers stop their bleeding and caress them. The fight ends when one of the champions is killed or lies with his feet in the air. Behind the seats a roulette game was running for the entertainment of the spectators during the interval between the matches. The place was crowded with people of the lower class. The English-speaking residents were not there, because it was Sunday.

After leaving the Cockpit we took

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the railway to the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, crossing a big marsh where I saw many curious aquatic plants. All kinds of odd animals thrive in these marshes: huge bullfrogs, alligators, — I have bought some of the skins, — and a fish they call the *grognard*, that puts its mouth to the surface of the water and emits a grunt. I tasted this fish at a restaurant, but never heard one grunt. On the opposite bank I visited the home of a Mr. Rocchi di Saronno, situated on a wooded bay. This gentleman has made a fortune. I met at his residence another Italian, who is painting pictures here — a certain Campiglio di Comabio. Along the shores of the lake they gather thousands of cubic feet of little shells with which they macadamize the streets and parkways; for there is not a stone to be found in the vicinity of New Orleans. The larger shells are burned for lime. Building stones and paving stones are brought by water from a distance.

We wound up for breakfast at Victor's, one of the numerous French restaurants. It shares with Moreau's, the St. Charles, the Cosmopolitan, and the Pilgrim, the reputation of being the best dining-place in the town. I have eaten there a very delicious Mississippi River fish, the sheepshead, and the famous *pombalot*, which is rare at this season. We were not able to get seats at the St. Charles Theatre where Faust was given, it being Sunday, and after hesitating whether to try a farce at the Olympic Musical Hall, *Rip Van Winkle* at the Variety, or *Orpheus in Inferno*, which was given in German at the National Theatre, we finally settled the matter by sitting lazily at one of the tables in Bellanger's and watching the pretty girls go by.

I must tell a good joke on myself in conclusion. I noticed that the ladies and girls here turned their faces away the moment I looked at them, and that on the street car they would turn their backs toward me with an expression of disgust, although American ladies do not generally take offense at being admired and scrutinized. Finally I learned the reason for this from an acquaintance, some of whose lady friends inquired of him if I were not a Federal officer, because I wore a dark blue suit. I hastened to change to clothes of a different color, and was immediately rewarded with a less hostile attitude.

NEW ORLEANS, *March 5.*

The fire companies are the most popular organizations in Louisiana. They are entirely volunteer affairs. Gentlemen of the best families join them and render active service for several years. Later they remain on the rolls as honorary members. Louisiana boys play fireman the way our boys play soldier. Some people insinuate that men join the fire companies to escape jury service, paying a fine when they do not go to a fire. Yesterday, on the fourth of March, the anniversary of the organization of the service was observed with great ceremony.

Early in the morning the streets along which the procession was to pass were thronged with people. The balconies were filled with handsomely gowned ladies. The column formed in Canal Street, and the procession started at eleven A.M. At the head rode the Grand Marshal and his aides on horseback, in civilian clothes, wearing blue sashes. Twenty-four companies followed, each one led by its chief on horseback and accompanied by flag-bearers and a brass band. The firemen drew their apparatus by a long rope. The uniforms were simple — black trousers, red or blue shirts, broad leather belts, black leather helmets, and a badge with the number and motto of the company. The foremen or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sergeants wore white helmets. The horses were of the best Kentucky breed. They are trained to walk by the side of the pump men, who make great pets of them. The apparatus was a marvel of ingenuity, strength, and lightness. During the parade a fire was signaled from the third district. The column halted, and the company whose duty it was to put out the fire dashed away. In a few minutes the little conflagration was extinguished, the company returned and took its place in the ranks, and the procession marched on. By three o'clock the affair was over and the firemen, leaving their apparatus at their stations, had a grand banquet, which was attended by delegations from the fire companies of Mobile and other Southern cities.

To-day being Mardi Gras, the streets are thronged with maskers. The masquerade ball this evening is a notable society event. 'The Triumph of Epicure' is to be represented by a profession of colossal viands, skillfully portrayed by the maskers.

I mention this masquerade, which has nothing particular to distinguish it, because of what lies behind it. No one knows the promoters. They call themselves the 'Mystic Crew,' a secret society whose existence is never betrayed except at this popular festival and the grand ball which follows. Invitations to the latter are issued by the Mystic Crew without other signature, and are in great demand among ladies of the highest circles. In the same way, twenty gentlemen are requested to do the honors of the occasion at an appointed time and place, where a sumptuous banquet is provided. I believe the organization is really secret, because several influential gentlemen tried without success to secure a card of admission for me to the grand ball. Every gentleman to whom they addressed themselves protested that he knew nothing whatever of the affair. To tell the truth, this mania for secrecy seems to me just a trifle childish. The not altogether unworthy explanation is that, the object of the society being charitable, and the people who form it being men of wealth, it pleases members to distribute their bounty incognito.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHANGING HOUSES

BY Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman, February* 18
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

There is much to be said for flitting in winter. If you like the house you are leaving, it is best of all to choose a week that would make Paradise itself look dismal. There should be cold without sunshine, a cold wind the color of dirty water — a wind that withers and benumbs to a point at which you cease to notice or to care whether it is wet or dry. But even ordinary wet weather is better than no bad weather at all. The rain makes you nervous for the piano and the other precious things that are left standing on the road till the men feel strong enough to hoist them into the vans. But better a wet piano than a sad heart. Luckily the longer the piano is left standing in the rain, the more desperate becomes your impatience to leave the place and to cast off its mud from your boots forever.

Not that I was ever the sort of person to fall in love with a house in the best of circumstances. I like places, and I like people, but neither the outside nor the inside of any house matters enough to me to cause me an ache at leaving. I had rather have a house with a view than a house that is itself a view. Mr. Lucas, or someone else, has said that it is not the house in which one lives, but the house opposite the house in which one lives, that matters.

There are, I admit, houses so ugly, so pretentiously ugly, that I should be reluctant to live in them. Some of them were built at a time when there was rivalry as to who should invent a brick of the most repulsive color, and one man invented a brick of soapy yellow and another invented a brick of contusion blue. Every time you look at the front of one of these houses, you feel that the sun has gone out. There is nothing that can bring the cheerfulness of life into their long and dismal faces, from the sharp-angled attic window down to the bay windows below, chill with a Miss Murdstoneish self-satisfaction. Were house-fronts designed in imitation of tombstones, you could scarcely get a more depressing effect.

There is nothing that persuades one more strongly that civilization has come to stay than the fact that it survived, not only the war, but later nineteenth-century architecture. Looking at one of these houses, you would say that no family that entered it, with however rosy and smiling faces, could ever come out of it except as lean and hungry ghosts. They look like seminaries for the production of kill-joys. Yet, as a matter of fact, we know that happy men, women and children have lived in them, and played games with apples hanging from the ceiling on Hallowe'en, and graduated summer after summer at the seaside from wooden spades to iron spades and from iron spades to no spades at all. Young men in love have walked past house-fronts such as these and reverenced them in fear and trembling as though angels were watching from the windows. There may be men so fastidious in their architectural tastes that, having fallen in love and discovering later that the lady dwelt in a house built of whitish-yellow brick, they would hurriedly withdraw. But as a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rule love laughs at architects, and at any rate no unmarried woman is held responsible for the house she lives in. She may glorify yellow brick: yellow brick cannot dishonor her.

As for the insides of houses, anyone who has lived much in lodgings will, as likely as not, have lost that keen sense of personal possession of the very walls and arrangement of a room that is felt by many people, especially by women. I am not indifferent to the furniture, the curtains, the walls, and the arrangement of a room, but I enjoy these things as a spectator. I could no more arrange a room either neatly or beautifully myself than I could play the mouth organ. I care more for the comfortableness of a chair than for its design, and I should not feel acutely miserable even if colored Christmas supplements were hanging in frames above the mantelpiece.

While I lived in a London lodging-house, I asked only two things — a lamp that would not smoke and a basket armchair that would not turn a somersault when you sat down in it. My landlady had two lamps. When I complained that one of them smoked, she brought the other. When I complained that the second one smoked, too, she brought back the first with a triumphant, beaming 'There you are, sir!' that made a fresh complaint impossible for at least forty-eight hours. Month after month, year after year, those two foul and reeking lamps marched in procession up and down the stairs, each of them always ready to take the other's place at a moment's notice.

You who have never lived in lodgings may wonder that I did not indict both of the lamps at once and so get rid of them at a blow. But it is a very different thing to say to your landlady, 'This lamp smokes,' from saying 'All your lamps smoke.' This last verges on insult and would seem like a criticism of her as a landlady. If you want to live happily in lodgings, it is essential that, on the one hand, there should be no criticism of the landlady by you, and that, on the other, there should be no criticism of you by the landlady. There are generally faults on both sides, and the less said of them the better. Hence, though the oil lamps smoked, and not only smoked but were wet with spilt oil so that they left rings and daubs of oil on the tablecloth, on the books, on the papers, — whatever they were set down on, — I endured it like a philosopher. You could not touch one of those lamps without becoming odorous of low-flash-point oil. When the lamp began to smoke as well and the smuts to fall on your manuscript, it was at times irritating. But youth is greatly enduring, and a man who is not a Sybarite can live in the room with a smelling lamp well enough.

As for the chair, that was a different matter. It was a dark-brown basket-work chair, and it leaned over a little sideways and a little backways, like a tree that has been out in many storms. It was probably nearing the end of its life by the time I got to know it. It was bowed to such a degree that it needed only a touch for it to topple over. If anyone, sitting down in it, leaned back, this shifted the centre of gravity outside the base, and over both sitter and chair would go, heels in air and crashing into the washstand. By sitting very carefully and remembering the insecurity of your position, you could read a book in the chair in tolerable comfort. But it did not do to get too deeply absorbed. If you ventured to forget yourself when reading *Othello*, it was on the cards that, just as the excitement reached its height, at the words 'And smote him thus,' you would find yourself before you could wink rolling under the washstand or into the fireplace.

It was, indeed, a chair so tricky as almost to be wicked. To ask a visitor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to sit down in it was like offering an unsuspecting person a mount on a savage horse. And yet, when visitors called, one always automatically offered them the most comfortable-looking chair in the room. The habit of courtesy, when once acquired, is almost impossible to get rid of. Again and again I remembered too late. I began to know most of my friends by the soles of their boots. Never can there have been a horse that flung so many human beings. In the end, the thing became almost absurd.

Luckily, the chair was taken away as the result of an accident. An acquaintance of mine, rather Bohemian in his ways, called on me one night to borrow money or on some equally honourable quest. I happened to be out of London at the time, and on hearing this he decided to make the best of things and persuaded the landlord to let him borrow my room for the night. The landlord weakly admitted him, as he looked tired and had clearly been drinking far too much bottled stout. On his going upstairs and into my room, the spectacle of a cosy basket-work armchair must have been a refreshment to exhausted eyes. The visitor seems to have thrown himself into it wholeheartedly. But he did not throw himself into the chair more wholeheartedly than the chair threw him out again. On gathering himself and the chair up from the floor, he naturally felt that anyone who did not know him very well might be led to suspect that he had been drinking, and, believing that the chair was an ordinary chair that only needed to be sat down in by a sober man, he resolved to prove that he was sober by once more sitting down in it. He sat down heavily, determinedly. The chair threw him again with all the greater violence. He set it upright again and, approaching it circumspectly, sat down with cautious slowness. It felt all right, and he leaned back with a smile of relief, and as he leaned the chair reared and sent him flying into the washstand again.

Meanwhile, my landlord sat on the stairs, trembling with apprehension, a candle by his side, ready to run for the fire brigade if the lamp should be knocked over. A lady who lodged on the same floor declared the next morning that an awful fight had taken place during the night in the next room. She said it had gone on for hours, and wanted to know if anyone had been killed; she had been too terrified to cry out. As a matter of fact, there had been no fight, unless you can describe the attempt of a tipsy art-student to sit down in an armchair as a fight. Apparently the chair won, but it was a Pyrrhic victory. The landlord and landlady, having passed a night of terror and wakefulness, agreed that as a piece of furniture the chair had seen its best days, and brought me in its place a spring-bottomed chair which, though perfectly safe, was a little more up-and-downish in the surface than I care for, on account of its having some of the springs broken and some not. Still, the experience was a useful one in making one easily contented ever afterwards in the matter of furniture. I do not ask if a chair is Louis Quatorze or Chippendale. I ask only whether it is possible to sit in it without pain or peril.

Still, I understand the feelings of those who, having made a house or a room beautiful, suffer at the spectacle of all this grace (that is almost a piece of their own personalities) being torn down and destroyed beyond all possibility of reconstruction. For no new house can exactly reproduce the conditions of the old. The new room may be more beautiful than the old, but the beauty of the old is gone like a flower.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CUSTOMS AND LEGENDS OF ALBANIA

BY GENERAL SALLE

[*A second article on Albania, also by General Salle, will appear in an early issue.*]

From *La Revue Bleue, December* 3
(Nationalist Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

Albania forms a part of what is usually called the Balkan Peninsula, but it is totally different from the other countries of that region — Macedonia, Thrace, Serbia, Montenegro. The southern portion embraces a portion of the Epirus, often called Northern Epirus, the region of Argyrokastro, while Southern Epirus, the region of Janina, has been a part of Greece since 1913. To the east the Adriatic coast of Albania is made up of bare and rocky shores alternating with marshy plains, from Santi-Quaranta to the mouth of the Bojana, not far from Scutari. Toward the east and north the high mountains are pierced only by occasional bad roads, which scarcely merit the name; and of these the most important is the ancient Via Egnatia, which, in the time of Roman dominion and during the Middle Ages, led from Durazzo on the Adriatic to Constantinople, by way of Elbassan, Monastir, Salonica, and Cavalla, thus linking together the east and the west. Only to the south has Albania an artificial frontier, for here nature has not drawn a sharply marked natural boundary between her and Greece.

This is why Albania, from the ethnic point of view, is like an island lost amid neighboring regions peopled with men of other races, Slavic, Greek — or, rather, like a peninsula fastened to the continent only by the Epirus, like an isthmus. It is because of this that the Albanian race has been able to preserve its peculiar characteristics; Latin, Greek, Slavic, and Turkish races have been able to touch them lightly, but they have never left a deep mark. Religion itself has scarcely been an instrument for penetration. In Albania there are as many Christians of the Orthodox Church as there are Mussulmans, without counting the Mirdites, a people living in the north of Albania, who are Roman Catholics; but the Albanian, whether he is a disciple of Jesus or of Mahomet, is an Albanian before everything else — a free man who does not recognize any law save that of his ancestors.

The Albanian is a descendant of the ancient Pelasgians, a branch of whom found their way into Greece without maintaining any connection with the tree of their origin. His history is as old as that of his mountains. He differs from the other Balkan races in language, customs, and manners. He calls himself a *Skipetar*, or 'king of the mountains.' To be a true Skipetar is to be a free man, who looks with contempt on his neighbors, accepts no law, knows nothing but arms, and, if one attempts to overthrow his independence, swiftly retires to the impenetrable retreat of his mountains.

Only in the south, in Epirus, where no natural frontier exists, has his character been modified under the Greek influence. The Epirote of Argyrokastron or Delvino is a brother of the Epirote of Arta and of Janina; and like

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the latter he is beginning to trade, to cultivate the soil, and to feel the influence of the Greek civilization. Everywhere else the Albanian race presents a single irreducible block, as difficult to get a hand on as the very rocks among which lies its home, and proud as the eagle with bristling plumage with which Scanderbeg, the hero of the war of independence against the Turks, decorated the flag of the Skipetar. According to tradition, this eagle is the emblem of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who conquered Rome.

In a land like Albania, enclosed like a veritable fortress, where only a few postern gates open upon the world outside, numerous legends spring up, and the manners, garb, and local customs are preserved, if not completely pure from all foreign touch, at least more nearly intact than in any other part of the Balkan peninsula. It was not until the recent war that our soldiers, swarming in every sense across the soil of Albania and climbing its mountains, came to know this strange country and to penetrate at least superficially the character of its dwellers.

The family festivals of the Albanians might be called name days, for they celebrate the memories of those saints of the Orthodox Church whose names the men of the family chance to bear. There is no fête when the name is not that of a religious figure: Achille, Sophocle, Alexandre, Leonidas, Napoleon are common names, but they give no reason for these family celebrations. As for the women, they seldom bear the names of saints, but are frequently given Greek names: Isnimie, Kalliroe, and so forth. The festival, aside from the feasts and drinking bouts common to all joyful occasions, consists in visits paid to relatives and friends of the men of the family, which are immediately repaid. The women also pay visits, but at another hour of the day, and one can see here the care commonly taken among Oriental people, even those that are not Mussulman, to bring men and women into each other's society as little as possible. During the visits the guests are offered *rakki*, confections, and Turkish coffee, always followed by the inevitable glass of fresh water. A visit to the church, together with an offering, is equally essential to a name-day feast. The religious service was announced by the bell of the church up to the very day when the Allies made their way into Albania; but during the occupation it was heralded by the *tarabat*, an ordinary wooden plank, hung in the bell tower, on which the priest beat vigorously to call the faithful to service, and the peals of the bell were then reserved to announce the approach of hostile aircraft. When the bell rang out everyone took shelter from bombardment, or at least went into the house.

When a child is born, cakes, made out of a mixture of flour, water, and olive oil, are fried in the mother's household and are sent around to the homes of relatives and friends. Some hours afterwards, the midwife goes to announce the birth of a boy or girl to the nearest relatives, who give her a *mujde*, that is to say, a tip. The women relatives and friends visit the new mother in the three days following the birth of her child, to bring her confections and a bottle of wine. On the third day after the birth, the head of the family gives a banquet, and on the same day the mother receives from her relatives cakes and various meats with symbolical significance. No one in the family has the right to touch these until the mother herself has tasted them, and at the same time the closest relatives offer to her clothing intended for her newborn baby.

According to the popular belief, on the third night after the birth of the child, the fairies, Clotho, Lachesis,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atropos, — the three Parcae of the ancients, — come to the mother's house and bring there the skein of fate. The first spins the thread, the second measures it off on the spinning wheel, and the third cuts the thread with her scissors; and thus the three Parcae weave the destiny of the newly-born in the symbolic form of a skein.

In primitive times the Albanian of the mountains, like the man of the plains and villages, wore a dress of cloth, with red lace and black embroidery. Rich men and chiefs wore a robe of black lace and gold embroidery, and these robes were called *doloma*. Above the robe the Albanian carried a cape called a *floke*, a black or white robe with broad, long sleeves which floated out like wings and had a legendary origin. According to tradition, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was an Albanian by birth, and his name was derived from the old Albanian word *ciro* or *biro*, which means 'brave fellow.' To those who asked him how he was able to conquer the Romans, he replied that the wings of his eaglets had given him the victory, and in commemoration of his triumph he added to the Albanian cloak, which hitherto had no sleeves, these wings fastened to the shoulders.

As a matter of fact, the Albanian cloak merely hangs down from the shoulders and does not cover the arms; it is a mere ornament. Later, underneath the robe, the Albanian wore loose white breeches with black embroidery, or black breeches with red embroidery. Still later the robe was replaced by a short shirt, fastened at the waist by a large girdle and lengthened by a large band of white cloth wound around the body and forming a skirt with innumerable folds. The headdress was a little bonnet of white cloth, later replaced by a white fez. The shoes consisted of a bit of goatskin, fastened with thongs. The goatskin afterwards became a sandal with a little tuft fastened on it, generally red in color, which waved as the owner walked. To-day the cloth wrapped about the body is hardly ever worn, except in the mountains or in the country districts, and on popular feast days. Only the white fez, the cloak with the wings, the breeches, — often replaced by a long flowing cloth which comes down to the feet, — and the tufted sandal, distinguish the true Albanian.

As for Albanian women, they still wear robes like those which the men wore in other times, black robes with red embroidery, or red with black embroidery, but with the one difference, that they wear neither breeches nor body-cloths. The robes are of velvet for the rich, and of coarse lace for the middle and poorer classes. Above the robe they wear the *floke* or black cloak, but without wings. They have no stockings, but socks of coarse lace, and on the head a bonnet of black cloth which is embroidered with designs, or a strip of gold for young girls.

The older Christians often wear a kind of white cloth bound about their hair. Among the peculiarities of costume — that of men as well as of women — it is to be noted that the fundamental colors of a costume and the embroideries are always the same. They are black with red embroidery, or red with black embroidery. The white color has appeared only in comparatively recent times, and only in the costumes of men. All the fabrics for their clothing are woven in the country itself.

In the very centre of Albania towers a great mountain, reaching a height of more than two thousand feet and covered with snow for the greater part of the year, which the Albanians call Tomor. A belief widely spread among the Albanians has it that Tomor holds in its flanks the tomb of Jupiter, — although no one can quite establish the exact place of the tomb, — and at cer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tain times of the year Jupiter brandishes his thunderbolts and makes the mountain resound with his imprecations. The oath, *Per Baba Tomor* (By Father Tomor), is customary among Christians and Mussulmans alike; and Baba Tomor, the holy mountain of the Albanians, is as much honored in their country as was Olympus, dwelling-place of the king of the gods, among the ancient Greeks.

One of the numerous Mussulman sects, known as the Bectachlis, counts numerous adherents in Albania. The Bectachlis are connected with the Tekkes monasteries, which are frequent in the country and are inhabited by dervishes living under the authority of a number of *babas*, or fathers superior. The Bectachlis' ranks are filled largely from rich Mohammedans who have the rank of bey, a title of nobility similar to that of count or baron. They believe in metempsychosis, profess the highest respect and devotion for the babas, fear their maledictions, and seek their benedictions. With this purpose in mind, many Bectachlis present the Tekkes with fields, mines, animals, even sums of money, so almost all these monasteries are rich and own numerous lands and freeholds.

In the month of March the Bectachlis celebrate the birth of Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of Mahomet, whom they reverence even more than Mahomet himself. They have a Ramadan (month of fasting) of their own, during which they observe a strict fast from the rising to the setting of the sun, and abstain from taking any drink. This fast lasts for twelve days.

THE BOOK OF WAN-HU-CHEN

BY BÉLA DELÁZS

From *Arbeiter Zeitung, January* 17, 18, 19
(VIENNA CONSERVATIVE SOCIALIST DAILY)

LIU CHANG is a little city. In this city there lived once upon a time a poor man by the name of Wan-Hu-Chen. His parents had left him a comfortable fortune and his relatives were people of means. Wan-Hu-Chen had no love for honest labor: he would not enter commerce to ship his wares upon the junks with the dragon sails; he took no interest in silk weaving. All he was interested in was studying books, and it was his ambition to pass the state examination and become a government official. But Wan-Hu-Chen was stupid, and did not succeed in attaining even the pass mark that entitled him to the lowest *chin* or rank. So he grew poorer and poorer, until his relatives disowned him. Indeed, they used to make merry about him. This much we should know in the beginning about Wan-Hu-Chen.

Li Fan was the daughter of the city governor, and her lily cheeks inspired ardent passion in the heart of Wan-Hu-Chen. However, Li Fan merely laughed at him. One day the city governor intercepted a letter to his daughter from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wan-Hu-Chen. It was in verse and read thus: —

Oh, my Love, how far thou art,
Farther than my chamber from the moon!
Yet thy pale image dances in my heart,
As the white moonlight dances in my room.

Thereupon the city governor ordered the poor, stupid, lazy suitor thrown out of his palace.

After this humiliating disgrace Wan-Hu-Chen avoided the society of men and wandered apart in the lonely pathways of the vicinity with downcast eyes. But every evening he would sit, with a heavy heart, by the light of a dim little lamp, in front of his white rice paper and his brown ink saucer; for Wan-Hu-Chen was writing a book. That is why he had the white rice paper and the brown ink saucer in front of him. He wrote the history of the heroes of former days, and the famous adventures they often had with the spirits of the dead, with foxes, with the souls of flowers, and with various birds. He recorded these legends faithfully and accurately, never alloying them with his own inventions. However, after the sight of the lily cheeks of Li Fan was denied him, an unconquerable longing overmastered him, so that he began to weave into his story the history of a fair maiden named Li Fan; and he wrote this with his fine-haired brush upon the white rice paper. Indeed, the Li Fan of his story was even more beautiful than the true Li Fan of Liu Chang, and was not merely the governor's daughter, but the daughter of a mighty mandarin, with a hundred tiremaidens waiting upon her. She dwelt far away in the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms. She did not laugh at her suitor or drive him from her with cruel jests, but sat pale and expectant at her window, gazing toward the north, where stood the castle of Prince Wang. And she spoke these words: —

Oh, my Love, how far thou art,
Farther than my chamber from the moon!
Yet thy pale image dances in my heart,
As the white moonlight dances in my room.

In the story it was Li Fan who spoke these words, and Wan-Hu-Chen's heart contracted with pain, so deeply did he pity her when he wrote them. 'Surely she must suffer,' he said. 'Surely she always must suffer' — and he hardened his heart.

One evening the oil in Wan-Hu-Chen's lamp was exhausted and he could not write any more. So he stuck his brush in a crack of the table top next to the ink saucer, with its wet tip upward so that it might not blot his rice paper. Then he stared, with a heart bursting with longing, at the white light which the great full moon poured into his dark and humble chamber. He watched her dip her silver fingers into the red wine he used as ink, and brush them lightly over the paper where he had just written with loving care Li Fan's beautiful name. Tears started to his eyes, and he whispered to himself: 'Oh, how near thou art to me, fair, unhappy Li Fan! Thou hast flowed from the point of my fine-haired brush, and the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms lies on my spotless rice paper; and yet how lonely I am here, sitting in my dark chamber. Would you come to me if I begged you? Could you hear me if I called to you? Li Fan! — Oh, Li Fan!'

Hardly had he uttered these words when Wan-Hu-Chen observed that the fine hairs of the brush thrust into the crack next to his ink saucer began to curl and then to spread out like the fronds of a little palm tree. The tiny tree began to bud, and diminutive black leaves thrust themselves out from the trunk. The moonlight shone brightly on its dark crown, so that the treelet cast a quivering shadow on the table. Then from the very topmost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

frond of the little tree a tiny black leaf fell, circling into the wine, and swam upon the surface. As soon as it became damp the edges curled upwards, converting it into a little black skiff. Watching intently, Wan-Hu-Chen saw a tiny graceful maiden sitting in the skiff, which moved across the wine in his direction. He laid his finger on the edge of the dish, and Li Fan stepped out of the boat.

'I am here, sir,' she said, in a scarcely audible, tinkling, silvery voice. 'I come from the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms because you summon me.'

'Oh, sweet, beautiful Li Fan,' replied Wan-Hu-Chen happily. 'How long, how long have I waited here in loneliness for you! Look at me! Why do you turn your pale face away? Why do you always look toward the north?'

'Far to the north is the castle of my beloved Prince Wang.'

'But look at me, sweet Li Fan. I have written you for myself, because I love you and am so lonely.'

But, stretching her arms out toward the north, Li Fan said: —

> Oh, my Love, how far thou art,
> Farther than my chamber from the moon!

'But surely I myself wrote those lines,' said Wan-Hu-Chen, impatiently. 'I have only imagined Prince Wang, because I surely could not become a character in my own story. Pity me, look at me only once!'

'Yet thy pale image dances in my heart,' continued tiny Li Fan.

'You are heartless, Li Fan. Listen. Prince Wang is rich and happy. I am poor and deserted. In spite of that, you pour the abundance of your love into that overflowing sea, rather than lift the cup to my thirsting lips. After all, you were both born from my writing brush — you and your prince.'

'It is not my fault,' interrupted Li Fan sadly. 'That is the way that I was born from your writing brush.'

Thereupon Wan-Hu-Chen lost his temper. 'Go back, then, to the book! You will soon see what happens.'

He had hardly uttered these words when Li Fan vanished. The little black palm tree shut up again into a pointed writing brush. And the next day Wan-Hu-Chen wrote a new chapter in his book. He entitled it: 'The Awful Death of Prince Wang.' In that chapter he let wicked bandits kill Prince Wang in the most cruel manner.

That evening Wan-Hu-Chen wished to summon Li Fan again, but pity made him dumb. He could not endure the thought of looking poor Li Fan in the face. Scarcely had he retired when the spirit of Prince Wang appeared to him in a dream, seating himself by the edge of Wan-Hu-Chen's bamboo sleeping bench. Speaking with profound melancholy, he said: 'You have killed me, Wan-Hu-Chen. But what pains me is only the fate of Li Fan, who lingers with a desolate heart in the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms. Help her, for her load is too heavy to be borne.' The spirit said no more, and vanished.

The next morning Wan-Hu-Chen seated himself in front of his rice paper, but did not touch his brush. What could he do? Should he create another rival? He spent the day in a torment of indecision, and that evening he dared not summon Li Fan again, because he was ashamed. Hardly had he fallen asleep, however, when the spirit of Prince Wang again appeared, still sadder than the previous night. He said: 'I beg you, dear Wan-Hu-Chen, to comfort my lonely Li Fan, since you have killed me. Call her to yourself and love her; for life without love is intolerable to a heart that has been bereft.' Speaking thus, he vanished.

Thereupon Wan-Hu-Chen suddenly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

awoke. The moonlight was dancing in his chamber, and the moon's silvery fingers played upon the white rice paper. Wan-Hu-Chen arose, and sat down before his table. He put his writing brush in the crack next to the ink saucer, and with a timid and embarrassed voice called Li Fan by name. The fine hairs of the brush began to curl and unfold; the tiny black tree burst into foliage; and when its quivering little crown of ebony cast a flickering shadow on the table top, a diminutive black leaf fell from it into the ink saucer. The edges curled up, a little boat swam on the wine with which the poet wrote, and brought Li Fan to him. Wan-Hu-Chen laid his finger by the edge of the ink saucer, and Li Fan stepped out. Her white, tear-stained face glimmered through her mourning veil. She murmured: 'You summoned me. I come from the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms, where I live forlorn and bereft as in a desert.'

'Forgive me, forgive me, dear Li Fan,' stammered Wan-Hu-Chen. Li Fan sprang lightly from his hand to the floor below, and began to grow. Soon a marvelously beautiful, slender girl stood before Wan-Hu-Chen; her hair and eyes were black as polished jet, and her fresh, fair skin was as white as spotless rice paper. Wan-Hu-Chen gazed at her in rapture.

'Oh, glorious Li Fan,' he said, 'will you ever forgive my cruelty?'

Li Fan did not reply to his question, but extended her arms toward him, murmuring in a half-whisper: —

> Yet thy pale image dances in my heart,
> As the white moonlight dances in my room.

'Oh, Li Fan, could you but look into *my* heart,' continued Wan-Hu-Chen, 'you would understand my actions.'

Li Fan smiled, and her pearly teeth glittered in the moonlight. 'Those are not the words for a lover to address to his betrothed. Indeed, your relatives were right, Wan-Hu-Chen, when they called you stupid.'

Stammering with happiness, Wan-Hu-Chen exclaimed: 'Then, Li Fan, you will be my bride!'

During the days that followed, Wan-Hu-Chen sat at his table with the happy smile of the benevolent and rich, and described on his white rice paper the gifts that he would lavish upon Li Fan — costly embroidered-silk brocades, and artfully wrought jewels under whose priceless gems the loveliest scents were concealed. Every evening he would summon Li Fan to him, and every day he would lavish gifts upon her as he wrote. He described on his rice paper a marvelous lake in the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms, and on the border of that lake a castle of shining jade. In the castle Li Fan lived, to be awakened every morning by the sweet piping of ebony flutes; during her slumbers they played lullabys. A golden boat carried her across the lake toward the full moon. He wrote passionate love songs for her, which evoked responsive ardor in her breast — songs which she recalled when her tiny boat swam across the ink saucer evenings. Occasionally she would warn him: 'Do not devote your thoughts so utterly to me. The fire of your love will burn you up, dear Wan-Hu-Chen, and your youth will vanish.'

Little did Wan-Hu-Chen heed such warnings. When they sat together on bamboo bench, and the moon threw their happy united shadow on the floor, they talked of the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms, where all was fair and peaceful, where no storms ever raged, where autumn never came, where old age never entered, and where death had no power. In the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms the springtime of eternal youth was sheltered from the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

storm and stress and changes of the world by the immortal walls of the poet's imagination.

So months passed, and in time a son was born to them. When Li Fan, sailing across the red wine of the ink saucer, brought the tiny newcomer to him for the first time, Wan-Hu-Chen observed that the little leafy skiff sank deeper than usual, and perceived that it carried a heavier burden.

When Li Fan stepped forth her first words were: 'O Wan-Hu-Chen, for your rich gifts I bring you at last a return. Here is our son. Observe carefully him whom Heaven has bestowed upon us.'

'But that is Prince Wang!' exclaimed Wan-Hu-Chen. 'Now I can be completely happy. You have at last given me back soul-peace without alloy.'

The hair and the eyes of the child were as black as shining jet, and his skin as white as spotless rice paper. He remained with his father; but the mother visited them every night.

So years passed in quiet domestic happiness. Prince Wang soon began to remember his former incarnation, but he forgave Wan-Hu-Chen. He was an extraordinarily gifted boy. When he was ten years old he knew all his father's books by heart, and Wan-Hu-Chen experienced a pang of melancholy envy, when he perceived that the lad would pass the state examinations brilliantly — the examinations in which he himself had failed. Then other cares began to weigh upon Wan-Hu-Chen. He observed that he was rapidly growing old; his hair began to whiten, his forehead to wrinkle. Li Fan used to chide him, saying: 'Don't you see? I told you not to love me so much. Your fair youth is fading.'

'It is not love that brings age to me with hurrying feet, dear Li Fan,' replied Wan-Hu-Chen, shaking his head. 'It is the common fate of man.' In truth his gray hairs and wrinkles did not cause him so much pain as it did to see that Li Fan remained as young as ever, and that his aging seemed to separate him from her. It was as though a black ship was bearing him slowly away from a beautiful shore. However, nothing changed in the book. No days had passed in that, and Li Fan was as young as when he first beheld her.

Wan-Hu-Chen had one other source of care. At length the last of his money was spent. The walls of his humble cabin were full of cracks; the windows were broken, the water came in, and the winds blew through. Old Wan-Hu-Chen would sit upon his bamboo bench, with his knees drawn high, and was ashamed when Li Fan came to him clothed in embroidered silk and wearing artfully wrought jewels worthy of an empress. For in the book nothing had changed. Li Fan's castle of shining jade was as new as ever. The heart of Wan-Hu-Chen was heavy, and he pondered much upon this. At last the day came when he had not even enough food to give to his son, Prince Wang. That he could not endure. He took the twelve-year-old boy by the hand and went with him into the city, hoping to place him in the care of some rich relatives. But he knocked in vain at the carved doors of their proud mansions. His relatives drove him forth, and made sport of his dirty, ragged clothing. So Wan-Hu-Chen, with a heavy heart, turned homeward, leading his son. On their way they passed the house of the city governor. A refined, aristocratic old lady in mourning was just stepping out of the door.

When she saw them she asked Wan-Hu-Chen: 'To whom does that marvelously beautiful boy belong?'

'To me. In his former life I killed him, and now he is killing me; for I can give him nothing to eat.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thereupon the lady said: 'Let me have him. In my house he shall be cared for and well taught.'

So Wan-Hu-Chen bade farewell to his son, Prince Wang, and slowly dragged his way homeward. Cold rain was falling. He shivered, and was spattered with street mud. When he reached his cabin he turned around on the threshold and gazed out upon the world. 'Everything I have is falling in ruins. Am I to fall in ruins like my house?' Then he sat down before his white rice paper, and called Li Fan.

'Why do you weep?' asked the radiant, lily-cheeked woman, and stroked his white hair.

Wan-Hu-Chen poured forth all his sorrow. Li Fan listened, and regarded him, looking quietly into his eyes. At length, she asked: —

'Do you not wish to go with me to the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms? My shining jade castle on the shore of the lake is waiting for you. The melody of the ebony flutes has not died away, the moon has not sunk beneath the distant waters, and not a petal has fallen from the apple trees; no storms rage there, neither does the autumn come, nor old age, nor has death there any power. There the eternal springtime of youth reigns, sheltered by the immortal walls of poesy.'

'Can I, too, go thither, Li Fan?'

'Write yourself in your book, as you have written me and Prince Wang.'

And thus it happened.

The next day little Prince Wang sought his father to bring him the wonderful news that he had learned in the palace of the governor — that Li Fan, the governor's daughter, had died thirteen years before, just when Wan-Hu-Chen began to write his book. Later she had appeared to her mother in a dream, and had said: 'Do not weep for me, for I am living happily in the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms.'

This is the tale that little Prince Wang wished to tell to his father. But he could find him nowhere in the house. He observed, however, that a new chapter had been written in the book, and the title was: 'The Coming of Wan-Hu-Chen into the Valley of the White Apple Blossoms.'

Little Prince Wang took his father's book home with him and preserved it with the utmost care and reverence. And in the course of time he became a mighty mandarin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOICES FROM THINGS GROWING

BY THOMAS HARDY

[*London Mercury*]

THESE flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd,
Sir or Madam,
A little girl here sepultured.
Once I flit-fluttered like a bird
Above the bents, as now I wave
In daisy shapes above my grave,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

I am one Bachelor Bowring, 'Gent,'
Sir or Madam;
In shingled oak my bones were pent;
Hence more than a hundred years I spent
In my growth of change from a coffin-thrall
To a dancer in green as leaves on a wall,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

I, these berries of juice and gloss,
Sir or Madam,
Am clean forgotten as Thomas Voss;
Thin-urned, I have burrowed away from the moss
That covers my sod, and have entered this yew,
And turned to clusters ruddy of view,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

The Lady Gertrude, proud, high-bred,
Sir or Madam,
Am I — this laurel that shades your head;
Into its veins I have stilly sped,
And made them of me; and my leaves now shine,
As did my satins superfine,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

I, who as innocent withwind climb,
Sir or Madam,
Am one Bet Greensleeves, in olden time
Kissed by men from many a clime,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beneath sun, stars, in blaze, in breeze,
As now by glowworms and by bees,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

I 'm old Squire Audeley Grey, who grew,
Sir or Madam,
Aweary of life, and in scorn withdrew;
Till anon I clambered up anew
As ivy-green, when my ache was stayed,
And in that attire I have long time gayed
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

And so they breathe, these growths, to each
Sir or Madam
Who lingers there, and their lively speech
Affords an interpreter much to teach,
As their murmurous accents seem to come
Thence hither around in a radiant hum,
All day cheerily,
All night eerily.

THE POETRY OF THOMAS HARDY

BY J. M. HONE

From the *London Mercury, February*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

OPINION in regard to the poetry of Mr. Thomas Hardy is curiously divided. There are some — perhaps only a few, but they are persons of consideration — who have not hesitated to say that he stands out in the present age, for his verse alone, as a supreme master. Others, among them many who do not care overmuch for Mr. Hardy's work as a novelist, frankly condemn the poet, with copious quotations; it is certainly true that Mr. Hardy has qualified more than once for inclusion in an anthology of the Hundred Worst Poems by famous writers. There is a third class of readers, those who scarcely think of Mr. Hardy as a poet at all. For them Mr. Hardy's fame rests wholly on his prose; his rhyming they take for the amusement of a leisured old age; they observe that he had already reached his seventieth year when he published 'The Dynasts,' and that since then no work of fiction has come from his pen. But this view, after all, cannot be seriously sustained. A work, so portentous in plan, so elaborate in execution as Mr. Hardy's Napoleonic drama, cannot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

possibly be ignored by anyone who wishes to make a general estimate of Mr. Hardy's power. Moreover, the dates attached to Mr. Hardy's collected lyrics and narrative pieces, as published a short time ago in a volume of five hundred closely printed pages, show that he has been writing verse for forty years or more, through a large part of the Victorian era.

Beautiful things — beautiful in their own mode: a mode which any era might appreciate — will be found in numbers throughout the *Collected Poems;* but they are not always the things which thorough-going Hardyites quote with particular approval. We think, certainly, of Mr. Hardy not only as being the greatest living English novelist but as being a distinguished poet; and it is for that reason that the mistakes and lapses in his poetry are interesting, and cannot be overlooked in a study of his work. That a man who has written so much that is good should also have printed such a deal that is bad is one of the main points in his subject with which the essayist must deal; another is Mr. Hardy's philosophy, for no other English poet of Mr. Hardy's lifetime and rank has made so determined an attempt to present a consistent attitude toward the world. In a study of Mr. Hardy's work in verse, description of his positive achievement as a lyric poet must be the most important and the most agreeable part of one's task; but it needs to be preceded by some comment on his so frequently obtrusive philosophical ideas, and by allusions, with chapter and verse, to the bad work which he has — so astonishingly! — let see the light. To render his ideas Mr. Hardy has written many poems of almost purely metaphysical content; he has also composed for the same end a number of versified anecdotes, those cynical storiettes, which offer in my opinion tempting sport to the irreverent commentator, and have often, it is to be feared, deceived even the elect. For these he has found general headings: 'Satires of Circumstances,' 'Life's Little Ironies,' and so forth; and it has been urged that here Mr. Hardy reveals himself as a master of candid realism who should rouse us from our habits of evasion, our comfortable self-satisfactions, and anything that may be left to us of the Victorian spirit. Three instances may be taken: the poems with the titles 'Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?' 'By Her Aunt's Grave,' 'Royal Sponsors.' They are curious rather than remarkable, curious in that Mr. Hardy should have imagined that he or anyone else could have brought the thing off, that his themes were suited to artistic treatment, above all to artistic treatment in rhyme. The plots of his stories are certainly horrid — but of what a platitudinous order are the truths which they purport to exhibit! In a poem with the title 'Ah, Are You Digging on My Grave?' a dead woman hears the stirring of earth on her grave; it is not her lover planting flowers there, or her kin, or even her enemy that visit her — by all these she is forgotten; only her dog remembers. The dog speaks and shatters her last illusion: —

> Mistress, I dug upon your grave
> To bury a bone, in case
> I should be hungry near this spot
> When passing by on my daily trot.
> I am sorry, but I quite forgot
> It was your resting-place.

Mr. Hardy is fond of 'poetizing among tombs,' as Nietzsche said of Dante. . . .

One is certainly far from saying that all or even most of Mr. Hardy's tales in verse are mere romantic servant-girlism, *au rebours*. They do often — sometimes by grotesque means, as in such pieces as 'A Honeymoon at the Inn' and 'The Pedestrian' — produce an effect of horror at the piteousness of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life; and it is the piteousness of life assuredly that Mr. Hardy wishes to describe in these queer pieces.

Mr. Hardy has been, like the personage in his poem, 'The Pedestrian,' a 'student of Schopenhauer, Kant, and Hegel,' and his metaphysical tastes are constantly in evidence. In a great number of his poems of one sort and another he is putting before himself the problem of existence with a directness which is not at all in the fashion to-day, and mark him off, I think, as an 'eminent Victorian,' typically preoccupied with the pretensions of ascendant science, and those mechanical and materialist accounts of the universe which were such a source of worry to Arnold and Tennyson and their contemporaries. When Marguerite put the bald enquiry to Faust, 'Do you believe in God?' Faust was taken aback and had to employ all the resources of his eloquence in order to show his interlocutor that she had been guilty of an irrelevance; and public opinion in the Victorian Age was as naïve as Marguerite as regards its asking leading questions of the poets. None of them responded more promptly than Mr. Hardy — how curiously this passage from the introduction to 'The Dynasts' reads to-day, and must have read when it first appeared, so late as 1907! One forms a mental picture of Mr. Hardy proceeding to Canossa on behalf of poetry, there to acknowledge the infallibility of Mr. Joseph MacCabe or some other Pope of Rationalism.

> The wide prevalence of the Monistic Theory . . . forbade the introduction of Divine Personages from any ancient mythology as ready-made sources or channels of causation, even in verse. And the abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusion to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a necessary and a logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same.

It sounds rather queer to us, and yet had this Preface appeared some thirty years earlier, — when it would really have been in correspondence with contemporary preoccupations, — might it not have seemed to have the character of a significant literary manifesto? Other poets then were 'carrying on' in various stages of 'honest doubt'; some had reverted to an affectation of a more or less hollow Paganism. Mr. Hardy, being unable to doubt 'honestly,' had to ask himself what was to become not only of ideal morality and religion but also of poetry, now that (as he believed) the geologists and biologists had finally disposed of God, Freedom, and Immortality. The Pagan sense of things did not seduce him; it had been discredited for a modern not less than Christianity, not only as an account of facts, but also in respect of its figurative value. Nevertheless (he argued), a poetic faith might still be possible; and so in the Preface to 'The Dynasts' we find him expressing the hope that the figures in the chorus of the drama might be plausible enough to create 'poetic faith,' that is, 'willing suspension of disbelief.' He turned for inspiration to Schopenhauer's *World as Will and Representation* (the ideas of which he had already put into verse in some shorter pieces): a natural movement on his part, since Schopenhauer was the representative pessimist of the epoch, and to Mr. Hardy pessimism was the natural consequence of the abandonment of supernatural Christianity. The Schopenhauerian myths were to provide the required poetic faith, to give the artist a legitimate means of deceiving his audience and inducing it to suspend willingly its disbelief in all except that which could be touched and seen.

Yet it cannot be claimed that 'The Dynasts' is a success from this point of view. Mr. Hardy lacks the particular magician's wand which might give im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aginative significance to a metaphysical theory. This is not to say that 'The Dynasts' fails to exhibit the quality of being interesting — a quality which indeed belongs to all Mr. Hardy's verse (even the worst of it). The story is always alive, and there is often in the writing a gusto equal to Byron, that earlier pessimist.

The length of the play, its peculiar form, and what seems at first sight an overweight of philosophical jargon, have alarmed many readers, but 'The Dynasts' is, in fact, good reading throughout. Omit the philosophy and you have still a spirited drama, and an adequate, if not an original, presentation of Napoleonic personages and scenes. And if, as I would suggest, the treatment of a metaphysical conception engages Mr. Hardy's mind only, not his heart, he is, when mixing with the traditions, memories, and localities of English story, working on a material which he really loves. But as for believing in the spirits and phantom Intelligences who offer comment on what is toward — well, simply one does n't. Schopenhauer's Will does not, fortunately perhaps, appear in person in 'The Dynasts,' but is under the alias It, the subject of much enlightening characterization from the Spirits of Irony, of Pity, and of the Years. This Will is the originating principle of all things, which works 'eternal artistries' in circumstance, an aimless activity of which individuals are the phenomena. The dark gravity of these ideas is scarcely reflected in Mr. Hardy's measures; and, indeed, the observations of the Superterrestrial Intelligences in the play often recall, by their rhythms, something from the book of the words in a light opera: —

The Spanish people, handled in such sort,
  As chattels of a court,
Dream dreams of England — messengers are sent
  In faith that England's hand
  Will stouten them to stand
And crown a cause which, hold they, bond and free
  Must advocate enthusiastically.

Among the Spirits, those of Pity alone are capable of moral pain and pleasure, of hope and fear; it is the Pities to whom Mr. Hardy allows the last word: the chorus of the After-scene: —

But — a stirring fills the air,
Like to sounds of joyance there,
  That the rages
  Of the ages
Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from the darts that were.
Consciousness the will informing till it fashions all things fair.

Mr. Hardy refuses the consolation which the Frankfort sage offered to the faithful. He is a bad Schopenhauerian — as one would say, a 'bad Catholic.' It is for this reason, perhaps, that when he tries to put into verse the metaphysics of *The World as Will* — in poems like 'The Blow,' 'The Convergence of the Twain' (his well-known lines on the sinking of the Titanic), 'New Year's Eve,' 'The Unborn' — he fails to rise to power and beauty. Nor is the exposition of his idea always beyond criticism. In 'New Year's Eve,' God or the Immanent Will is represented as having just 'spun out' another twelve months. An 'ephemeral creature' inquires: —

What reason made you call
From formless void this earth we tread?

Mr. Hardy's God is not the God of certain deists — a God who stands outside the circle of our events. He is attached to our events, which he weaves in his 'unweeting' way. But apparently he has lapses into comparative intelligence; for, although he wrought without guessing that an account might be required of him, nevertheless he finds it

Strange that ephemeral creatures, who
  By my own ordering are,
Should see the shortness of my view,
Use ethic tests I never knew
  Or made provision for.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After saying so much, he 'sank to rapture' once more — and he did wisely; otherwise the aggrieved interlocutor might have charged him with having at least wit enough to know that he was witless. But indeed, Mr. Hardy's pessimism is a piling-on of the agony; he is anxious, you often feel, to have it both ways. He will publish a poem on some anniversary, describing first the charm of old Christmas or New Years Eves, then the poverty of modern emotions at those festivals. But if his metaphysical pessimism were really genuine, should not one Christmas be much the same to Mr. Hardy as any other? Sometimes the 'cheerfulness breaks through,' and then it is charming — it is a characteristically English cheerfulness, a melancholy cheerfulness of the man who takes his pleasures sadly. In the poem 'I Travel as a Phantom Now' Mr. Hardy describes how it happens: —

I travel as a phantom now,
For people do not wish to see,
In flesh and blood, so bare a bough
As nature makes of me.

And thus I visit bodiless
Strange gloomy households oft at odds,
And wonder if man's consciousness
Was a mistake of God's.

And next I meet you; and I pause,
And think that if mistake it were
As some have said — Oh, then it was
One that I well can bear!

A somewhat similar mood finds expression in a beautiful poem called 'The Oxen,' which is notable as an example of Mr. Hardy's simple technique at its finest. It is a picture of the past, an unsophisticated Christmas Eve of long ago: the country people are seated in a flock, and when midnight comes an elder says of the distant oxen, 'Now they are all on their knees.' It occurs to none to doubt: —

So fair a fancy few would weave
In these years! Yet, I feel,
If someone said on Christmas Eve,
'Come; see the oxen kneel
In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
Our childhood used to know,'
I should go with him in the gloom,
Hoping it might be so.

It is curious to read the series called *Poems* (1912–13), under the heading 'Satires of Circumstance,' the 'Poems of War and Patriotism,' and many things in the section entitled 'Moments of Vision,' and then to reflect that Mr. Hardy is even still chiefly known (as far as his poetry is concerned) as a cynic and ironist, or the expounder of a definite theory of Philosophical pessimism. These poems represent unquestionably Mr. Hardy's high-water mark as a lyricist, and almost all of them are made out of tender memories, and quite unphilosophical human regrets: the sorrow but inevitability of change is his theme. Mr. George Moore, in the course of one of his passionate arguments about the incompatibility of Catholic philosophy and literature, asserts that 'the length of the sleep out of which we came and the still greater length of the sleep which will very soon fall upon us' are the springs from which all poetry flows: a surprisingly exclusive definition, surely, but Mr. Hardy's case reminds one of it — for his best poetry has no other sources than these. 'All 's past amend, unchangeable,' he says in 'The Going'; and in 'Your Last Drive' he asks: —

Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find
The thought, 'What profit,' move me much?

He will continue his pious observances: —

Yet abides the fact, indeed, the same —
You are past love, praise, indifference, blame.

The 'Phantom Horsewoman' is one of the most beautiful of Mr. Hardy's reminiscent poems: —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Queer are the ways of a man I know:
He comes and stands
In a careworn craze,
And looks at the sands
And the seaward haze
With moveless hands
And face and gaze,
Then turns to go —
And what does he see when he gazes so?

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,
He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But she still rides gayly
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

There is no crying out in Mr. Hardy's lyrics, which are all in the same even mood of melancholy, — made from colloquial West-Country speech, with a vocabulary that is curiously plain and yet never common, — which have hardly a metaphor in the length and breadth of them, which contain now and then a poetic *cliché* and yet are so singularly free from conventional diction. You do not go to them to learn the beauty of resignation — search in them for the moral wisdom of a Marcus Aurelius and you will be disappointed; but they are almost perfect as the self-expression of a poet for whom memory has become the whole of reality.

If Mr. Hardy has an absolute antitype among modern English poets, it is certainly Coventry Patmore, with his insolent scorn of opinion and high eloquence. Both have written love poetry; and Mr. Hardy's is, in comparison with Patmore's, like the awkward address of a country boy: —

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny crest.

Yet there are times when the harshly tender beauty of passages like that may please as much as the esoteric grandeur of Patmore's praise of woman.

Mr. Hardy is a sentimental poet at his best. The adjective has been much abused in literary criticism; but I think it properly applies to many of the lovelier of Mr. Hardy's lyrics. The Bible is the least sentimental of books. Dante, 'poetizing among the tombs,' follows out a practical purpose; the practical is what tends to an efficiency of some sort, which may be spiritual as well as material. But Mr. Hardy cultivates old recollection for its own sake; he is the atheist in church, — most sentimental of figures, — the unbelieving lover who never idealizes love as something beyond itself, and who yet never forgets. And to condemn the sentimental would be to condemn a great deal that is beautiful in poetry, especially in English poetry. There is a sentimental poetry that is light and only half-sincere, like Thomas Moore's; but there is also a sentimental poetry that is poignant, even passionate. Mr. Hardy is, indeed, a very English poet — here perhaps is one of the reasons which in recent years have brought him into his own; he has profited possibly by the reaction against the 'Celtic' cult, so-called. His melancholy is peculiarly English; and in the love of country which he has expressed on occasions there is something wholly natural, with roots in the soil, and which is free of all suspicion of contact with current literary and political affectations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PAGE OF VERSE

A FAIRY SONG

[*Westminster Gazette*]

O LITTLE Elves and Fairies,
Come, ride your bumblebees
And swing upon the cobwebs
That hang between the trees.

O little Elves and Fairies,
Come, toll the blue harebells
And pipe among the rushes
And dance upon the fells.

O little Elves and Fairies,
Come, shake the quaking grass
And chase the golden butterflies
That hover o'er the pass.

O little Elves and Fairies,
Come, paint the golden west
And draw the dewy veil of night,
And so — Good night, and rest.

IRIS

BY R. A. FINN

[*Bookman*]

SHE stepped adown the winter street
  As silently as Time,
About whose unreturning feet
  Is quietness sublime.

She seemed as kindly as the year,
  As joyous as the day,
My love leaped out to follow her
  As silently as they.

IN MEMORY

BY M. HUGHES

[*Chapbook*]

IN the hearts of those I love
Let my headstone be.
Place no granite monument
Gravely over me.
If I am forgotten, then
Let me lie unknown;
I care not for curious eyes
Gazing at a stone.

THE STAG

BY R. N. D. WILSON

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

OH, not in indolence
Or listless dream is beauty born,
But with a sudden violence
Out of the heart 't is torn.
Where winds are loud in the sky,
And crests fling white from the deep,
There, beauty hurrying by
Flashes.
  A stag, on the steep
High hills where the light first shone
Into its eager eyes,
So bounds across the dawn,
Startled, in bleak surprise,
To hide his haughty head,
Where inaccessible
The rocks that none dare tread
Baffle the passionate will.

OF FROSTY NIGHTS

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*Saturday Review*]

WHEN nights are clear with moon and
  stars,
And frost is on the window bars,
And makes a salty sparkle on
The rain-washed window sill of stone,
It seems as though a powder spills
Out from a hundred heavenly mills,
Over the window panes and bars,
The silver-shining grist of stars.

APPLE TREES

BY DAVID CECIL

[*Spectator*]

ALONG the roads of Germany
Are flocks of apple trees.
Comely and soldierly they stand
In gay, green companies.

And in the early freshness
Their trunks are gray with dew,
And little apples faintly sway
Against the morning blue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

ARCHÆOLOGY IN GREECE AND PALESTINE

In a small yard behind a modern hat factory in Athens, a large marble block was excavated not long ago. Once it was free of the soil, the marble proved to be a rectangular statue-base, with a socket cut in the upper surface to receive the statue and with reliefs carved on three sides, which — except for one slightly damaged corner — are in absolutely perfect condition. So well has the marble been preserved, that the background of two out of three of the reliefs is still colored a brilliant red. It is, of course, a well-known fact that ancient Greek statuary was colored, but it is not often that the color has survived the centuries which have all too often been only too harsh to the stone itself.

The three reliefs represent subjects taken from the daily life of Athenian young men, in a style suggesting that of the Sixth Century B.C. The relief on the left represents two teams playing ball. There are three in each team and the two groups face each other. The three on the left have just received the ball and are advancing as though to throw it, while the other three are stepping back preparatory to catching it. The composition possesses an elegance and delicacy most unusual in archaic sculpture. The relief on the front face shows two young men wrestling. Behind each stands a friend, the one on the left encouraging the champion, the one on the right holding a measuring pole as if to see fair play. Four figures appear in the relief on the right side. Two youths are seated in chairs and facing each other. One, on the left, holds a dog which is straining on a leash to reach a cat or lynx which the other youth holds, also on a leash. Behind the seated youth another stands watching.

Archæologists regard this find as one of the most important for many years. The figures are cut in extremely low relief, but with a delicacy unusual in archaic Greek art, except in the case of the Attic school. The muscles are treated with great care, and the variety of attitude and composition is amazing.

The sculpture is cut from Pentelic marble and is clearly Attic, belonging to the Sixth Century, and more closely related to the vase-painting of this period than any other contemporary sculpture. It was found built into the city wall which, on its western side, still can be traced running down the hill of Philopappos. Part of the way the foundations are visible on the surface, but mostly they are built over. In the yard behind the hat factory a large portion of the wall emerges, and it was here that the sculpture was discovered. The situation in which it was found suggests that it was one of the monuments which, according to Thucydides, was used by Themistocles in building the walls of Athens in 478 B.C., when so much haste was necessary that every kind of material, including old monuments, was used. It appears to have stood at the old gate through which the road went to the Piraeus. It is, of course, a source of encouragement to archæologists to find that monuments of genuine merit are still to be found in Athens, and the present discovery leads to the hope that other sculptures may be dug up from this part of the wall.

At Beisan, or Beth-shean, in Central Palestine, excavators are endeavoring to lay bare the ruins of at least eleven

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

successive cities. Beth-shean may be the oldest city site and the scene of more battles than any other place in the world. No ruler in Palestine could consider his hold on the land secure so long as this stronghold, one of the most important strategic points in the land, remained in hostile hands. It is located just south of the spot where the railway coming from Haifa turns sharply north toward the Sea of Galilee.

All that remains of the old citadel is a large mound of earth, rising steeply for a height of two hundred feet above the surrounding valley and covering the ruins of at least eleven successive cities, built, if we reckon from the surface down, by the Turks, the Crusaders, Arabs, Romans, Greeks, Babylonians, Assyrians, Israelites, Egyptians, Amorites, and prehistoric man. The first permanent city was probably founded here by a band of nomads from Mesopotamia some eight or ten thousand years ago.

Relics of the days of Joshua, Solomon, and other heroes of the Bible, may be unearthed here. It was at Beth-shean that Joshua was checked while leading the Chosen People into the Promised Land, because the Israelites lacked the chariots that were employed strategically very much as tanks in modern warfare. The excavators hope to find one of these chariots among the ruins. It was to the temple of Ashtaroth that the Philistines brought the headless body of Saul, the first King of Israel, who took his own life on Gilboa close by. Beth-shean was finally conquered by King Solomon, who erected Jewish Synagogues in place of the pagan temples.

Beth-shean was also held by the Egyptians, who adorned it with painted temples and palaces in Egyptian style and colossal statues. The excavators have already come upon a large granite block from Egypt, bearing a royal inscription. This has not yet been deciphered. A year or more will probably elapse before the ancient city has given up its secrets.

*

THE AGE OF THE BROKEN HILL SKULL

FURTHER study of the prehistoric skull found some time ago at the Broken Hill Mine in Northern Rhodesia, leads English anthropologists to doubt whether it represents a human type of such great antiquity as was at first believed.

Mr. E. N. Fallaize, Secretary of the Royal Anthropological Institute, points out in *Discovery* that there are ordinarily four ways of determining the evidence of human remains. Geological evidence may enable the discoverer to date the fossil with exactness. If the remains of animals, already known to palæontology, are found in association with the human remains, it is usually possible to determine to what geological epoch they may be referred. Thus bones found together with those of the mammoth or the cave bear could be easily placed. Sometimes archæological evidence exists: that is, the human remains are found with grave furniture, pottery, or other manufactured articles known to belong to a certain period. Finally, the nature of the fossils themselves sometimes yields a clue.

Present knowledge of the geology of South Africa, however, does not enable us to place with any degree of certainty the strata of the Broken Hill Mine, especially in relation to the geology of Europe. Although tons of bones of other animals were found in the cave, some of them appear to be those of comparatively 'recent' animals and do not include extinct types of very great antiquity. Moreover, the summit of the Kopje that originally covered the site before mining

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operations began, showed at its highest point a slight depression, as though at some time there had been a subsidence of the earth there. In the cave and immediately over the place from which the skull came, was a fissure which may at some time have communicated with the surface. It is therefore possible that the bones of animals may have come from the outside; and this makes difficult the establishment of the period to which the skull belongs. There is practically no archæological evidence except for a single round stone, similar to those used by the natives to-day for crushing grain. For lack of other evidence, it is therefore necessary to fall back on the anatomical character of the skull itself.

There is no doubt in the minds of British anthropologists that the remains are those of a type of man in some respects unlike anything we have known hitherto — a point that should be kept clearly in mind in considering the various modifications that scientific opinion is now undergoing; but it seems probable that this previously unknown human or sub-human creature may have lived at a fairly recent date, geologically speaking.

Mr. F. P. Mennell, a British geologist, writes from Bulawayo to the *London Times* describing investigations which he made at the Broken Hill Mine some time before the discovery of the skull. He says: —

The cavern contained at its mouth a deposit of the 'kitchen-midden' type, containing numerous small stone implements, mostly made of quartz — a stone, it may be mentioned, foreign to the locality. The main mass of the deposit, which in places consisted almost entirely of bones and stone implements, with scarcely any other débris, has no signs of any real stratification, and must have accumulated almost, if not quite, continuously. The bones may have been thrown into this as a convenient means of getting rid of them after the flesh was eaten off, or may perhaps have rolled in accidentally during the movements of the inhabitants, including such small carnivora, and so forth, as may have entered during the nighttime in search of food.

Mr. Mennell suggests that we may have here a case of the persistence of primitive man upon the earth in a period far more recent than anthropologists have hitherto been willing to admit. The implements in the deposit at the mouth of the cave were distinctly of the Bushman type which are found all over South Africa; and the Bushman himself, as is well known, persisted in outlying places down to the present day. None of the large implements of Palæolithic type that have been found in other localities of South Africa and Rhodesia have been discovered near the Broken Hill Mine. From this Mr. Mennell concludes: —

So far, therefore, as the positive evidence goes at present, there appears to be no justification for assigning any such remote antiquity to the Broken Hill skull as that of the Pliocene period. It may represent the local persistence of an ancient race long after its relatives had become extinct elsewhere, no very remarkable fact when we consider the analogous cases of the Bushman and Hottentot. This does not, of course, mean that it is not extremely ancient, but it certainly does not appear probable that it is as old as the primitive types of man who wielded the Palæolithic stone implements with which geologists and archæologists are so familiar in the London and Paris basins.

Mr. Fallaize practically echoes this conclusion when he writes: —

It would, therefore, appear that, so far as the investigation has gone, there is little evidence which would assist in giving a date to these remains, while the well-preserved character and comparative freshness of the bones yet remains to be explained. Our knowledge of the greater part of Africa, from the point of view of the history of human types, is negligible, and there is no reason to suppose that a primitive form of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man might not have survived there into comparatively recent times.

Professor A. Smith Woodward, in a lecture at London University, also comments on the freshness of the Rhodesian skull. When the crystals of lead and zinc had been removed, it appeared almost like fresh bone. A cast of the interior of the skull has since been made, and Professor Elliot Smith is now preparing a report on the brain. It is probably a significant fact that the brain of the Rhodesian man had not quite reached that of modern man, for the higher brain areas, which in civilized man are the last to appear, were imperfectly developed in the Rhodesian man, as the cast of the interior of his skull shows.

In a letter to the *Times*, commenting on Mr. Mennell's communication, Professor Woodward says: —

> The more I study the skull, the less relationship I perceive between this and the skull of European Neanderthal man. Rhodesian man probably represents a much later race, a survivor of many which must have lived at the southern limits of the Old World, when the ancestors of the Australians and Tasmanians became stranded on the remote lands which they have occupied during historic times.

✽

JOHN DRINKWATER ON THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

In a lecture before the Royal Society of Literature in London, Mr. John Drinkwater, whom the society has chosen for its Professor of Poetry, ranks Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson among the six greatest poets writing to-day, and complains of the fact that he is almost unknown in England. A few months ago, a critic in *The Nation and the Athenæum* dismissed Mr. Robinson's work in two or three lines, with the remark that he was duller than Wordsworth at his very dullest. Such an opinion Mr. Drinkwater characterizes as an epitome of all that is false in modern English criticism.

Mr. Drinkwater describes two kinds of magic in poetry: that of perception and that of suggestion, and says that Mr. Robinson's poetry is beautiful because it possesses the first. It has an exquisite clarity and a sense of tragic pity. Some of his passages remind us of the supreme close to 'Samson Agonistes,' and although Mr. Robinson is capable of an ironic touch, his poetry contains no cynicism.

✽

THE BARGAIN-HUNTER'S SOLILOQUY

The merriest amateur versifiers of England are those that contribute to the columns of the *Westminster Gazette*, although for the most part they are retiring souls who coyly conceal themselves behind pseudonyms, as does 'Oisin,' who thus hymns the bargain-counter's thrills and perils: —

A fool there was and a fool there is,
  And ever a fool there'll be,
And the only sting of the thing is this —
  That twice in the year it's me.

For the rest of the year so cool and clear,
  So thoroughly well aware
That a Bargain-Hunt is the sorriest stunt:
  Why then am I always there?

Strange lusts are loosed by the word *Reduced;*
  When the clarion sounds *To Clear*
On the phrenetic First, why, it's Go or Burst;
  And that's why you went, my dear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1819

1922

WM. B. CLARK, President

More than a Century of Service

Fire	Leasehold	Tourists' Baggage
Marine	Use and Occupancy	Salesmen's Samples
Automobile	Profits	Transit Floaters
Tornado	Sprinkler Leakage	Automobile Truck Transit
Rent	Registered Mail	Explosion
Rental Value	Parcel Post	Riot and Civil Commotion

Losses Paid in 103 Years over $210,000,000

AGENTS AT ALL IMPORTANT POINTS

Good books to add to your library

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ENGLAND

By James Truslow Adams

"A book decidedly to shake customary opinion. The distinctive character of the different New England colonies has never been better shown." — *New York Times.* "While the author has evidently been in love with his work, he has written in honest conformity with his declared purpose, 'to write as an American anxious to know the truth, not as a New Englander anxious to foster a tradition.' He has produced a truly notable book, judged by all the literary and historical standards, and it places the beginnings of New England in proper historical perspective." — *Davenport Democrat and Leader.* "A scholarly treatment of the subject, utilizing materials recently brought to light. . . . A fresh and stimulating narrative of Colonial beginnings." — *Review of Reviews.*

Illustrated with facsimile documents and maps, $4.00.

PILGRIM TRAILS

By Frances Lester Warner

Illustrated by C. Scott White

"An amazingly rich storehouse of knowledge about the ancestor country. Here are fresh vistas of New England presented in appreciation not too studied, in enthusiasm not too forced." — *N. Y. Sunday Herald.* $1.75

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES

Edited by his son, Henry James

"In reading these two volumes of friendly and frank letters, each seems to have been composed especially for the reader, so human are they, and so responsive to the mentality one brings to the books when reading. We recommend these volumes to the business man because they will give him real delight." — *Rotarian.* Illustrated $10.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Inc.
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Massachusetts

L.A. 4-8-22

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find.....and mail, postpaid, the books checked above.

Name..... **Street**.....

City..... **State**.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

WHITHER TENDS CIVILIZATION? *Jacques Bainville*
A French Opinion

WHITHER TENDS RELIGION? *R. R. Coudenhove-Kalergi*
A German Speculation

THE HISTORY BEHIND THE CONFERENCE *Victor Mogens*

ARMY SYNDICALISM IN SPAIN *A Spanish Correspondent*

IL PULCINELLA. *An Italian Exploration* *Cecil Roberts*

HOW THE BOILER WAS BROUGHT *N. Fal'kovskii*

MEMORIES OF CARUSO *Emil Ledner*

FAREWELL TO AMERICA *H. W. Nevinson*

MY ACCIDENT INSURANCE. *A Story* *C.-A. Loosli*

THOMAS MOORE *Raymond Mortimer*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

---

THE LIVING AGE
Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find $5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one year beginning.....

Name.....

Address..... *City*.....

4-8-22

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED